

1015.305

M585

Special Features This Issue
What Is This Happening At St. Michaels?
Tin Canoe of WWII - The Shapely Lugsail



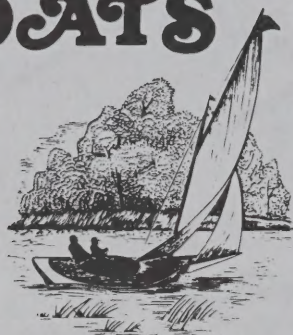
messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 17

January 15, 1998



messing about in BOATS



Published twice a month, 24 times a year. U.S. subscription price is \$24 for 24 issues. Canadian and overseas subscription price is \$36 US funds drawn on a US bank or by International Postal Money Order

Address is 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984-1943. Telephone is (978) 774-0906, there is no machine.

Editor & Publisher is Bob Hicks.

Production & Subscription Fulfillment by Office Support Services.

Volume 15 - Number 17

January 15, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

Pictorial coverage of the "Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival" is provided by Cathy Parkman & Jim Tolpin; Edwin Hebb offers his "Madisonville Postscript"; and we'll have "News From the Mariner's Museum".

Rich Santacoloma tells of being "Back on the Hudson Again"; Oliver Allyn describes "The Mosquito Pier" from his new book, *Dreams of a Landlocked Boatman*; Rick Klepfer continues his "Musings From Mustique"; and we have Chapter 3 from Lewis Freeman's *By Waterways to Gotham*, "Coasting Green Bay".

Ron Mamerow tells how his local boat-building group got going in "Middle of Mitten Boatbuilders"; and Bob Brown discusses "Alternative Boatbuilding Methods".

I hope to get to the "Hawaiian Outrigger Canoes" pictorial I've been promising; Richard Carsen's series on "Dream Boats" should begin with "The Dhow"; Morton Ray details his "Electric Boat for General Waters"; and Hugh Horton comments on "In Defense of Bolger & the Gunter Rig". And Phil Bolger will introduce us to "Donovan's Tender".

This will probably overfill the issue but I still want to get Michael Badham's discussion of the Amateur Yacht Research Society underway soon with his "Wild Ideas, Worthwhile Goals".

On the Cover...

The Small Craft Festival at St. Michaels, Maryland has not been constrained by "traditional" thinking, witness this dual windsurfer rig underway on the cover. Tim Weaver has the story for us in this issue.



Commentary...

Here is a photo of one of my projects down behind the barn (literally). It's a Townie sloop I bought quite a few years ago to restore, as I was then (and still am) a Townie enthusiast, in part due to my acquaintance with the Townie's original and only builder, Pert Lowell (today his son-in-law Ralph Johnson builds Townies to order since Pert passed on). Perhaps the picture might lead you to think I haven't got appropriate respect for the work of the man I admired for his genuine Yankee (about 8 generations' worth) ways. But it's not lack of respect, more it's lack of attention.

And the "building" in which it dwells. Leaning a bit now, and the old greenhouse plastic put on a half dozen years ago is getting ready to call it quits. I "designed" this building and built it a dozen years ago and featured it in an early issue as cheap shelter for a backyard boat. It has received no maintenance other than a couple of plastic replacements. No wonder it leans. Still, in true old new England shed tradition, it shoulders winter's burdens of snow and wind without collapse. But now it's hinting at the possibility.

And within perhaps you noticed some undergrowth. The plastic makes quite a wonderful greenhouse and whatever it was that grew on the plot I levelled to accept the structure lost no time in reasserting itself. By fall the huge vines within carry a crop of purple berries and I dare not attempt to remove them, good chance I'd be coming out purple. Now in winter they have turned brown and dried up, good time to clean out the foliage and see how the boat looks.

Why this newfound interest? I have walked by this scene and observed its seasonal variations several times a week for maybe ten years now on my way up back to my son's or daughter's homes. Well, I just sold another of my projects, that Chris Craft I mentioned a few issues back on this page. Someone had actually come to look at it, but decided it was more work than he was prepared to tackle. He told another and lo, this chap came, saw and purchased. At last a nice 1942 Chris Craft 17' Special Runabout will be restored and see active duty once again in the hands of someone who really, really wants it. Wonderful.

Now I have this money I gotta spend. It's "play money", my trading in old boats over the years got me a bit ahead of the hobby's costs and so here I am with that familiar old "burning a hole in my pocket" feeling. The Townie needs mostly time, not money,

and I certainly am not spending it on someone else doing the restoration, doing that is part of this boat's particular charm for me. And the Cape Dory Typhoon and the 18' 1956 White outboard from Maine are also more labor projects than cash. Both need at most a few hundred dollars each for all the small stuff their reconditioning will require.

Well, maybe another boat? It's always so much more fun to buy another boat than it is to spend the money on one I already have in hand. The thrill and anticipation and imaginary adventures that come to mind when shopping for another boat put pedestrian fixing up out to pasture. But, come on, I haven't even hardly done any boating in 1997, there's lots to do here with what I still have, do I really need another boat? Sure.

Well, what I have sort of got in mind will require more than my modest windfall from the Chrtis Craft sale (I recouped my investment, but no interest was earned). So perhaps carrying on now that I'm on a roll, offering up the Cape Dory and the White for sale to someone who will be able to love and want them more than I do might clear away obstacles of guilt about neglecting them that would arise if I got a new favorite, and also of not yet having enough play money to pursue the new infatuation.

My interests seem to have changed (again) and if I am to get back into boats more and on the bicycles less in 1998, I need new inspiration from where my imagination currently indicates I want to be. So, realistically, I accept that I'll not get around to fixing up the Cape Dory, which was Tom's used in many of his later tales of the "Damn Foole" (that's its name on the transom still). And the White was bought for what I once thought would be a "press boat" for me to use to cover on-the-water events. That won't be happening now either.

So, I'm putting both on the market again, see the classifieds in this issue for details on the Cape Dory, I'll run the White ad in the next issue. If, wonder of wonders, someone else turns up wanting to own these lovely boats, the way will be cleared of obstacles to my newest pursuit. I'll tell you about that when and if it happens. I've been around too long now for false expectations to render me unwittingly optimistic.

No, the Townie will stay, I still mean to fix her up. But first I guess I'd better do something about that shed, it'll not likely hold up under another 30" of heavy wet snow as it did last April 1st.

508-465-4095

PARKER RIVER BOAT WORKS

21 Newman Rd, Newbury, MA 01951
NEW CONSTRUCTION and REPAIRS

Why stop sailing in the winter?

We are now offering this traditionally designed ice boat with origins from Great South Bay, Long Island, NY. Up to three people can sail her by trimming the jib and main, and shifting weight fore and aft. I have many fond memories from my youth of sailing her off into the sunsets. Anyone interested, contact me on winter Fridays for locations and times we will be sailing her.

Don't forget, it is not too soon to order your traditional rowing/sailing skiff or dory, or perhaps motor skiff, for next season. Hope to hear from you.

Douglas Scott



America's Favorite Chandlery



THE WOODEN BOAT SHOP

Plans & Kits ~ Boatbuilding
Workshops ~ Fine Hand Tools
Boaters' Bookstore ~ Lumber & Marine Plywood ~ Copper, Bronze Fastenings ~ Paints, Varnishes, Resins ~ Canvas, Mast Hoops, Deck Hardware ~ Everything You Want From a Chandlery, Shipped Daily

~ FREE CATALOG ~

1007 Northeast Boat Street, Seattle, WA 98105
Toll-free 1-800-933-3600; 206-634-3600
E-mail wbs@halcyon.com

NOT FOR EVERYONE!

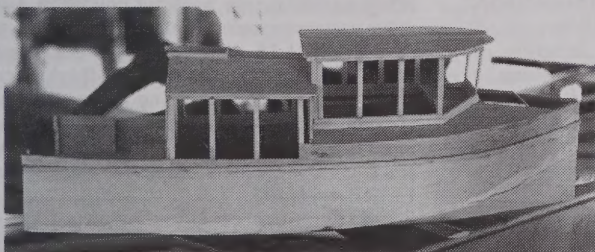


Photo: Peter Krupenye

RETRIEVER

22'-6" x 8'-0" x 2'-0"

- **COMFORTABLE** - Cruising accommodations for two for a weekend or a week on the water.
- **TRAILERABLE** - Light weight, compact size allows her to go over the road with ease.
- Designed by Phil Bolger and Friends, Inc.
- Now under construction in our shop for Spring, '98 delivery.
- Call us when it's time to build your dreamboat.



PENGUIN BOAT SHOP, INC.

Thomas Wells, Prop.
Westerly Marina, Ossining, NY 10562
914-318-7454

WHO'S STICKING WITH

Admiral Marine Alden Yachts
Antonio Dias Boat Designer

MAS EPOXIES

Cascade Yachts Freedom Yachts
Chesapeake Light Craft, Inc.
Sam Devlin - Devlin Designing Boatworks
Independence Seaport Museum of Phila.
John Guzzwell - Guzzwell Yachts
Newfound Woodworks, Inc.
Joe Norton - Norton Boatworks
Ocean Yachts Woodsong Canoes

TO FIND OUT WHY
1-888-MAS-EPOXY (627-3769)
WWW.MASEPOXIES.COM

Several years back, when I first moved to Naples, Florida, I was one of those eager sailors, landlocked by lack of a boat. I would walk the beach twice a day staring lovingly and hopefully at all the sailboats shussing along off the beach. My friends knew a guy with a Hobie 16 who loved to sail, and they encouraged me to sail with him. Don was not the kind of guy I would normally befriend, but with my friends' encouragement we made arrangements to go sailing one Wednesday afternoon after work.

Wednesday turned out to be a very busy day at the bookstore, and I was running late. I stopped by his boat on my way home to change and suggested he bring the boat around and meet me on my beach at 2nd Avenue South. I was embarrassed by being late and rushed home to change. I decided, at the last minute, to leave my keys, shoes, and towel at home and just jog barefoot the three blocks down to the beach.

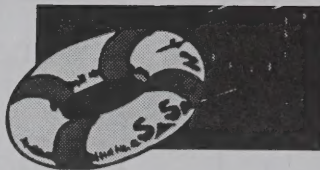
When I ran onto the beach he was struggling to hold the boat off the beach on a rare day when there were 2 to 3 foot waves washing in, so I hurried out to join him. He turned the boat into the waves, but we were being pushed and shoved back to the beach. He didn't seem to know how to fall off the wind to head us out. I offered a suggestion, and he replied, "Why don't you take over, I was hoping to learn how to sail from you today anyway." A light bulb went off, but the conditions drew more of my attention, and we switched places and headed off the beach.

As I steered southwestward, I began to wonder if I had been away from sailing the Hobies for too long. I was gripping the tiller with two hands and pulling with all my might to keep us going in a straight line. I noticed the leeward pontoon was nearly fully submerged from the stern forward for about three feet. I had used Hobies mainly on lakes, so I thought perhaps the 15 to 20 knots and waves were acting differently upon this boat. My attention was held mainly by the conditions, the thrill of being out on a performance sailboat, and trying with all my strength to keep us going in a straight line.

Finally, exhausted from fighting the tiller, I decided to tack us back to shore. We had gone out quite far. As I tacked the Hobie something completely new happened. We literally rolled over to a capsized position. Stunned at the turn of events, and wondering how such a simple tack had produced these results, I swam around the trampoline with Don to find the righting line. This was the beginning of my reality check. There was no righting line. Then I looked for a lifejacket for Don to swim to the head of the mast. There were no lifejackets!

I released the jibsheet and rigged a righting line. It was apparent now that Don had no idea how to sail this boat, nor how to right it. At least we both knew how to swim, I thought. As we stood on the lower pontoon to bring the boat over, something strange happened. I heard a sloshing sound and the pontoon pitched downward. We both fell off. Again, we climbed on, grabbed the righting line, and tried to move our weight into a position that would straighten out the leaning angle of the boat.

To picture this, the pontoon we were trying to stand on was lying at a steep angle, like a steep ramp, instead of being flat in the water. Again we pulled, and again the slosh and we were thrown off. I asked Don about the



Small Boat SAFETY

Who's Responsible for the Boat?

Sailgal5 (Elizabeth)

water, and he replied that one of the pontoons had a slight crack in it, but he didn't think it was that big a deal.

We struggled for what seemed a very long time and used every trick I knew to right the Hobie, and nothing worked. Don wanted to swim to shore to get help. At least we agreed not to leave the boat. Shore was at least three miles away!

Finally I had a chance to fully evaluate this boat. No righting lines, no lifejackets, no cooler, no flares, and we hadn't let anyone know when to expect us, so no one would worry nor call for help for us. We were on our own.

A calm came over me. Don was really scared. We were able to help the Hobie drift with the wind toward the shore by standing on the leaning pontoon and putting all our weight against the righting line. The sails acted with the trampoline to push us shoreward. At least we were going the right direction. At dusk, however, the current stopped going toward the beach and began to reverse. As the tide pushed us outward, the mast would dig in to the bottom and bump. But the waves were getting larger, darkness was approaching, and we were beginning to go out again.

At some point I noticed a powerboat on the horizon and waved my neon pink hat to grab their attention. It was a wonderful moment when they turned toward us!

When the boat arrived, we hooked a towing line to the pontoon overhead to try to right the Hobie. What happened next was again unexpected. We were both hanging on with all our strength as they pulled us upright and ahead at five or so knots. Every time they slowed, the Hobie would re-capsize and they would tow faster. It was hard to hold on at the speed they were using to try to right the boat. Finally they stopped and the Hobie went back onto its side. The pontoon that the towline had been tied to had snapped.

The powerboat driver was just telling me they were getting low on fuel when another boat approached. It was the Marine Patrol. Thank God! The radar station in Miami had radioed the Marine Patrol to investigate the powerboat because it had just come in from beyond the 12-mile international line. It was ironic, the Marine Patrol would not have been out otherwise, he had decided the conditions were too rough for his 25' Mako look-alike and had stayed in the harbor all afternoon.

The Marine Patrol officer threw us lifejackets and instructed us to put them on. By then I had released one of the shrouds to try to get the pontoon to right. Of course, it didn't help much. The officer then threw me a line to tie onto the pontoon he pointed at. I followed his instructions, then joined Don in the patrol boat.

As we began to tow, the Hobie wouldn't tow straight and we were struggling slowly forward, taking the now 5' waves over the transom. At some point the officer and I discussed the dangerous situation, and I offered to swim back to the Hobie and tie another line around the other pontoon support so we could tow the boat straight. It worked like a charm and we were underway toward 17th Avenue South.

We arrived safely at the beach and secured the Hobie. It was then that I found out that the patrol boat bilge pump hadn't been working and he was worried about sinking since he now had around two feet of water under his floor in the bilge. The day could have gotten even worse! But we were safe. The patrol boat made it to the harbor and fixed his pump, and we tied the Hobie to the jetty (we couldn't drag it further because the water inside the pontoons was so heavy).

There was a lot of drama that day. I wish I could say I learned something new, but I didn't. I learned that the old, often talked about precautions, had I/we taken them, would have insured a safe day. Here's what I still remember to check on every boat I step onto to leave a dock.

I look a boat over for overall care and seaworthiness. I have been fooled by a bilge taking on water and the skipper not telling us. I would definitely check the bilge on a boat I intend to go offshore in.

I check for safety gear: I carry my own gear aboard boats that I sail, taking responsibility myself for its working condition. I always carry my waterproof handheld VHF radio (ICOM M-15, more waterproof than most). I don't expect most skippers to think ahead about boat electronics going out or the boat sinking, leaving us without communication, and I want to be found! I also check the boat for fire extinguishers, flares, lifejackets, an EPIRB, and GPS.

On an offshore delivery or trip I would bring an inflating harness (they float you better and higher than a Type I offshore lifejacket), my VHF handheld, my Garmin 45XL GPS, a Gerber multitool (has knife, screwdrivers, and pliers built in), my Class B EPIRB, a couple of flares, flashlight, strobe. This may sound excessive, but my experience has shown some skippers either don't care or don't want to spend the money on safety gear. Since I love to travel, I have spent the money to be "sure."

Float plan. I can't emphasize enough how many times I have thought about the likely result of not letting anyone know where I was going and when to start a search. I always did this when I windsurfed and Sunfish sailed. But that day six years ago when Don and I were nearly lost at sea, I hadn't followed any of my good sense. I let the embarrassment of being late move me more than my concern for safety. I remember that experience often, each time I prepare for a trip. I believe it makes me a safer sailor and a more trustworthy skipper.

I know this has been a long story. I often ask myself if the boat I'm on has trouble and goes down, have I done what I can do to in-

sure OUR safety, and do I have the gear I consider essential for this trip? I don't ever want to be on a boat in danger and wish I had spent a few hundred dollars that could have saved lives and insured rescue. The excitement of being on a different boat going out for the day is a lousy reason to suspend good judgment. It's been more than once that I've had to make decisions for another skipper who wasn't able to think straight in an emergency. We all have the knowledge and experiences of our lives to guide us. Please, my friends, use those experiences and your wisdom when going out to

sea! Sometimes saying no to a delicious invitation is a good idea!

Since that day I have delivered boats from Fort Lauderdale to Naples, and from Key West to Fort Liguordale, bought my own boat, been to the Dry Tortugas four times and the Abacos (Bahamas). The accident was a small meaningful experience that enhanced my sailing wisdom, but did not stop me from living my passion. There's little better than shussing with the wind and waves on a beautiful blue sky day, with cotton ball clouds and a cool breeze, in tropical paradise! Happy safe sailing!

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the Old Ed Stories can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St. Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.



The Wreckers

There is nothing quite as cheering to a sailor approaching the land as a light. Even today, navigation is not as exact a science as its practitioners would have you believe. The latest whiz-bang gadgetry has an error factor of from 50 to 500 feet. Since markers are needed most where there are hazards, it is necessary to be able to rely on what you see.

In the days before common easy transportation, there were many isolated waterfront communities, even as close to the centers of commerce as Long Island is to New York. Many places were isolated from the world. Often their only way of getting to "town" was by boat. Many inlets had towns which would rarely see a stranger from one year to the next. As such, they had little or no loyalty to any needs but their own. As can be expected, the bouyage was poor to nonexistent. There are tales of keepers in out-of-the-way lighthouses disappearing with no trace. It was not unusual for the light to run out of oil and go out if there was no one to tend it.

One of the ways that people in these out ports survived was on the bounty of the sea. That does not, unfortunately, just mean seafood. It also means wrecks. These people were often so poor that almost anything coming ashore was a luxury.

Most of these settlements were followers of some sort of Christianity. A minister would be imported and, in addition to the little that the community could provide, he would have to eke out a living beachcombing with the rest of the inhabitants. One Sunday morning, the reverend was in the middle of his sermon when the cry of "Wreck ashore" echoed into the church. Needless to say, we woke right up (those who had been dozing) and were headed for the door when suddenly we heard a voice over our noise. "Damn it, you just stay where you are for a few seconds until I finish this here sermon. This is the Lord's day, so let's all start even." Very soon, he finished up,

"Lord, have mercy on our poor, sinful souls and may that wreck be a rich one, Amen. Let's go lads!"

Not all wreckers were that benign, unfortunately. There were gangs of wreckers who not only made no effort to rescue survivors (or at least allow them to survive unmolested) but actually killed them to avoid any witnesses. If the area was large enough there might even be competing bands. One of the most famous (sic) bands of wreckers was run by Old Katie. She was notorious for her eagerness and greed. When she was around, survivors rarely even reached the tide line. Her gang would set up false lights to lure ships ashore during foul weather when a vessel would be in the most doubt of its location.

One of her sons grew disgusted with the life and ran away from the island. He became a sailor. One stormy night, his ship went ashore on his home island. As he and the other survivors came ashore, they were met by Katie and her gang. Seeing her, he called out. She went straight to him and clubbed him down. When one of the gang spoke to her later, she explained, "A son's a son, but a wreck's a wreck."



KAYAKS

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOEES

Allagash - Old Town
Mansfield - Alumacraft
Hundreds on Display

FERNALD'S

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

Wind Products

45

SKIMMER 45



FEATURES

LARGE 45 SQUARE FOOT SAIL
COMPLETELY PORTABLE
FAST RIGGING ACTION
HIGH STRENGTH TUBING
MARINE QUALITY THROUGHOUT

America's Largest Iceboat Manufacturer

Wind Products

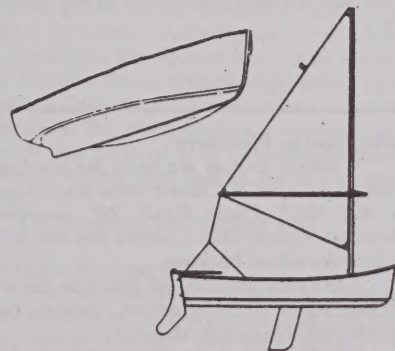
2485 Rosstown Road
Wellsville, PA 17365
(717) 432-1074



SEND \$1 FOR BROCHURE



KITTERY POINT TENDER



10' x 48" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional looking Yacht Tender
Specially Designed for Ease of
Rowing and Minimum Drag When
Towing
Two Rowing Stations
Row & Sail Models

BAY OF MAINE BOATS

Gooch's Beach, P.O. Box 631
Kennebunkport, ME 04046
(207) 967-4461

You write to us about..

Your Experiences...

Atlantic Challenge Progress

In 1991 I left the Rockport Apprenticeship to found the Atlantic Challenge Foundation and at the same time to establish a new Apprenticeship now in Rockland, Maine. Today, six years later, the ideals of the Atlantic Challenge Foundation are helping small groups of thoughtful, committed citizens around the world to step up to solve society's problems.

We build boats and we build people. Our commitment to quality, community building and the empowering of youth is stronger than ever.

I am proud to report that we continue to advance the education of youth through apprenticeship, construction of unique small craft of many nations, and international contests of seamanship among young people of 15 nations. In Tacoma. In the Azores. In Brazil and the Aland Islands.

In the past six years the 'Shop has built dozens of boats among them the classic Gil Smith catboat which is featured on the cover of the '98 Calendar of Wooden Boats. Over 50 apprentices have passed through the two-year program and gone on to make significant contributions. For example, a recent graduate spent a year documenting and building an historic whaleboat with Azoreans and soon will start a similar program with youth in New Bedford. We've sent crews to Atlantic Challenge international contests in France, Canada and Ireland. Parents of participants on the USA crew tell us, "This was the best experience of my child's life."

Lake George Pleasures

A happy day as we head for the Lake George Antique & Classic meet last August in my 1925 Chris Craft 26' runabout *Owaissa*. Friend Don Caldera has the helm as the lake ahead beckons.

The event featured 36 boats in the water and about 20 more ashore, canoes, runabouts, utilities and guideboats.

Henry Smith, Lake George NY.

I invite interested persons to learn more about how they may support us in our work by contacting us directly.

Lance Lee, Atlantic Challenge Foundation, P.O. Box B, Rockland, ME 04841, phone (207) 594-1800, fax (207) 594-50567, email: acfusa@midcoast.com

Eighth Annual Boat Burning

The gods smiled on the Log Island Maritime Museum of West Sayville, New York, this year for our eighth annual Halloween Boat Burning. Friday, October 24th, turned out to be a virtually wind-free, almost balmy evening, after a week of chilly, blustery days. Thanks to an "On The Waters" article in *Newsday* by Joe Haberstroh and favorable word-of-mouth publicity throughout the community, this year proved to be our best attended torching to date. Well over a thousand people joined the Museum trustees, staff and volunteers to bid a fond farewell to *Wolf*, a thirty-six foot trimaran, donated to the Museum (specifically for immolation) by Guy Johnson III.

The event could not have taken place without the support of the Suffolk County Parks Department and the incendiary skills of the West Sayville Fire Department. This year we were also fortunate enough to have the additional support of the Suffolk County Marine Bureau, who anchored their "J" boat off the basin. Thank you to all our friends and neighbors throughout the community for their support of the Museum and all our endeavors.

Barbara Forde, Long Island Maritime Museum, PO Box 184, W. Sayville, NY 11796, (516) 854-4974

Your Needs...

Paper Boater is Back

The *Paper Boater* is back. Perhaps re-run or re-incarnated? You can find us at: <http://home.eznet/~kcupery>.

I know, for latent Luddites like ourselves, that this is a hard pill to swallow.

Ken Cupery, 139 Roosevelt Rd., Rochester, NY 14618.

Lightning & Small Boats

Lawrence Haff of Wilton, Connecticut, wrote in the June 15 issue concerning the nature of lightning and small boats. For years I have, from time to time, requested of U.S. Sailing that they have someone write a good article on "Lightning and Small Boats". My request, which I now pass along to Mr. Haff, is that perhaps he write an article giving facts on lightning when in small boats, including canoes, kayaks and skiffs, and advice when one is caught out in a storm. Should you be down in the boat, capsize it, get under it, swim near it, swim away from it, turtle it and be on the overturned hull, or what?

I have sailed a 15' sloop-rigged *Albacore* for thirty years, and other small classes before that. One of my *Albacores* was hit by lightning on the Potomac River when being sailed by the previous owner. She was plywood with aluminum mast and boom, stainless rigging and a wooden centerboard. The storm winds were upon them. The mainsail had been lowered and was bunched over the boom, lying in the boat. Her owner described the hit as producing a tremendous bang which left him temporarily deaf, the strike followed the mast and jumped in two directions, one to the boom where it melted the dacron mainsail and burned his leg, the other left the foot of the mast and went sideways through the plywood hull about at the waterline.

John Duncan, Potomac, MD

Your Opinions...

Judge a Bolger by Its Own Standards

I was out off of the flat rocks by Lanes Cove in Gloucester, Massachusetts (Cape Ann) last July in my Cape Charles, when spied what I thought must be a *Chebacco*. The wind was light, so I easily paddled out to greet the owner. As I approached, I realized it was too big for a *Chebacco*, but it was definitely a *Bolger*. I paddled alongside long enough to refuse a beer and learn that she was the *Red Zinger* out of Ipswich. *Red Zinger*, the one and only. As I left to catch up with my son, I said, "She's a beauty!"

"Yeah, right!" came the reply.

"Well," I said, eyeing the plywood grain and the lumpy scarfs in an unfavorable light, "ya gotta judge a *Bolger* by its own standards." Any more info or an article on this beast?



Jim Seavey, still stuck in Minnesota with the Geological Survey 7.5x15 charts of Rockport and Gloucester glued together on my wall.

Editor Comments: Red Zinger was designed by Phil Bolger for Richard Zapf of Georgetown, Massachusetts. The design appeared in Phil's column in the February 15, 1992 issue.

Enjoys the Safety Articles

I always enjoy the safety articles on page 3 and found the October 1st one (Off-Season Boating, Cold Shock, Hypothermia) particularly interesting. I have been sailing small dinghies in the Solway (England & Scotland) for more than 25 years and have yet to venture forth minus my buoyancy aid, no matter how warm or settled the weather. Even on a scorching hot day (yes, they do occur in Scotland) when wearing only a swimsuit, my buoyancy aid is zipped up and extra clothing is stuffed into a watertight compartment just in case.

It might be useful to point out to your readers that there is a big difference between a buoyancy aid and a life jacket. Only the latter will support a victim face up in the water, even when unconscious. Many of the latter are now inflatable and I have seen all too many sailors wearing them deflated so as not to be encumbered. The argument that they can inflate them when necessary is obviously flawed, the whole danger about an accident is that it occurs with no warning.

For myself I have decided to live with some element of danger by compromising on a less bulky buoyancy aid. I have made a balanced judgement having weighed the pros and cons. I do go for a swim each year just to check that the buoyancy aid is still adequate.

Vivienne Cary, Amherst, MA

New Technology Has Arrived

I had the opportunity to try front rowing at the 1995 WoodenBoat Show in Southwest Harbor, Maine. At that time Ron Rantilla had his unit installed in a 15' canoe. After a few instructions from Ron I took it out for a short trial. I found it very easy to use and a great deal of fun. Both oars could be stroked together or alternately, which was always my preference in conventional rowing.

I think to worry about whether your angle of stroke compares favorably to conventional rowing or whether it should be called rowing at all, as suggested in the November 15th issue, takes away from this unique invention. This rig has many uses from recreational to all out competition, not the least of which would be the advantage to a fisherman who could propel his craft with his feet while using his arms to fish, facing in the direction he is going.

Jonathan Hedman, Stoughton, MA.

QUIK-N-EASY

CAR TOP CARRIER SYSTEMS

Geoffrey H. Richon Co.

19 Duncan Street, Gloucester, MA 01930
Tel: 978.283.6063 • Fax: 978.283.7598

Your Projects...

Q&D World Championship Entry

Here's my entry into the Simplest & Most Inexpensive Boatbuilding World Championships, one sheet of plywood with fewest cuts to end up with a boat, six cuts and a little trimming.

Step #1, Cuts: Cut one sheet of plywood into two 2'x 8' pieces. One is the bottom of the boat. The second is cut lengthwise with cuts #2 and #3 into three pieces, 8'x 8". Two of these are the side panels. Stack them and trim a 3" or 4" rocker into them. The third piece is cut with cuts #4, #5 and #6 into four 2' pieces for bow and stern transoms and bow and stern decks.

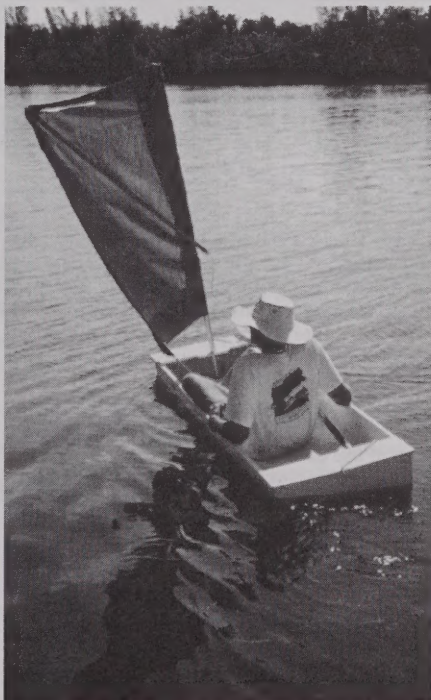
Step #2, Stitch & Glue.

A little bit of cheating on the rules maybe: A chip of wood for a mast step; a 1"x 4"x 2" mast thwart; and 3/4" molding for gunwales.

Note the quick release on mainsheet and the nearby auxiliary power. Heel sharp chine deep going to windward and maybe turn on the auxiliary power. Move forward to head up, back to lay off the wind.

My boat's name *Kow Key Flyer* was inspired by the comic strip "Pogo". His boat always had on it somewhere, "Okefenokee Flyer".

Sam Chapin, Kow Key, FL



This Magazine...

Nice People

Just a note to let you know what nice people read your magazine. I'm collecting back issues of sailing magazines and sailboat sales literature for some ongoing research into 1970's and 1980's sailboats, and happened across an ad in one of the spring issues sent in by Richard Downes of Weymouth, Massachusetts for, among other things, back issues of *Cruising World* magazine for free. Being over four months since his ad came out, I assumed they would all be gone, but to my amazement he still had most of them.

In fact, as it turned out, he had even more than advertised. I offered to pay for the magazines or his trouble to box them on two occasions, and he refused both times. He and his wife even called (long distance) on at least three occasions to give box weights and arrange times for the UPS pickup call tag that I issued to pick them up. When the boxes arrived, I was amazed to find over 100 issues of *Cruising World* and 40 of *Sail*.

Don Thomas, Beaufort, SC

More Geographical Information Please

Where is "The Boathouse" in the article "Summer At the Boathouse" in the December 1st issue, Mystic? I am constantly in a "Where's Waldo?" game trying to figure out the locations of your contributed articles.

Irwin Schuster, Lynnfield, MA.

Editor Comments: You're right, Irwin, closer attention to identifying locales needs to be paid. Yes, "The Boathouse" is at Mystic Seaport.

Opens New Vistas

I enjoy your magazine immensely, as have the people I have sent gift subscriptions to. I look forward to its arrival every few weeks, or whenever the Postal Service sees fit. Reading it has opened new vistas for me and allowed me to contemplate whole new ways of "messing about in boats". I also appreciate the more budget conscious approach that most of your contributors take. Smooth sailing and thanks for a job well done.

P.J. Shannon, Springfield, MO

Navigate Recesse Est!

Ever so grateful to receive with your issues artifacts of boat craftsmanship real and imaginative. Designs and shipwrights art of yesteryears show the devotion to detail, as for instance exemplified in the Beetle Cat.

Navigate recesse est!

Art Curran, New Britain, CT.

By-The-Sea

The Internet Boating Journal

Boat Builders	Boats For Sale	Surveying Help
Plans & Kits	Gear Exchange	Boat Reviews
Oars & Paddles	Boat Brokers	Nautical Books

<http://www.by-the-sea.com>

Tel 508-240-2533 | Fax 508-240-2677 | info@by-the-sea.com

Something special has been happening at Saint Michael's Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Meet for quite a while. I'm lucky that I've been around for the last three years of it. Each year it's among the nicest two or three days I spend around the water. And each year is different, yet the ending, as someone said this year, is always the same, "... planning to come next year?"

And that planning in itself can be pretty interesting. On the surface, a car with camping gear and small boat fans, often as not family, with a boat laden trailer in tow heads for Saint Michael's. That's the surface. The real facts may be otherwise, perhaps it's the boat that's towing the car, the fans, the camping gear and the trailer.

The entire situation just may be the boat's doing. How does this happen? It's no mystery, as Tom McGrath in his "Voyages" has made clear, boats talk. This is verifiable information. Give it the scientific test, attend the Annual Mid-Night Boat Meeting that takes place on the Saturday night of the Saint Michael's Festival weekend. These boats talk, especially the wooden ones, and increasingly the stitch and glue ones, talk a lot. And they don't just talk at the Annual Boat Meeting. The trailer that goes to Saint Michael's brings a boat home that's full of ideas for the next sail and, definitely, for the next year's Saint Michael's Festival.

My boat, *Patina*, is a common enough example of this. After the '96 Festival, after coming in last in the boat race, she had me drive to Mystic Seaport, a not too extravagant demand as it's just fifty miles from the house, and take photos of their model of a racing sharpie.

Well, that's quite a model. *Patina* would be quite a sight and, perhaps, a fast sailer in the right conditions if such a rig could be brought in balance with her lines. But a closer look at *Patina* revealed she was dreaming. There was a need for more basic work. Her centerboard case was shot, the case logs, white oak set on edge and bolted to the keelson, had developed a twist that threatened to put an end to *Patina* herself, and the plank stealers at the bow were gone. If she was going to Saint Michael's next year, in fact if she was going to sail anymore, that was the agenda. She accepted the situation as long as I would do the work. And she didn't look any better after the work, maybe leaked a bit more just to be peculiar, but she was structurally sound again.

Truth is I suspect she sensed the predicament before she sent me off to Mystic and was simultaneously attacking from another direction. Fact is she let me know that Elizabeth, my daughter who has gone to the last two Festivals with me, needed a boat and there was a little one called a Spindrift, little North Carolina boat that would do the trick. Fact is, *Patina* let it be known that she'd spent the night next to one at the last Festival and was certain that the Spindrift would be perfect. Just the right size, just the perfect boat for Elizabeth, light, quick. And she would fit right inside *Patina*. Two boats, one trailer.

So we got one late this past spring. And the preparations for this just past Festival got more complicated. Elizabeth, if she was to go to Saint Michael's now, must be able to sail alone, safely. This gave the summer purpose. Each summer she gets to go to

What Is This Happening At St. Michael's?

By Tim Weaver



camp for a week, and for the last two years she's gone to the sailing camp at Mystic, so that fit in. I had a week's time off coming my way about the time camp ended and we used that to sail hereabouts, the upper Connecticut River. It was a nice week on the water and the wind was decent.

And right after that we found a sailing club a bit down river that had practice races every Thursday night, we went when we could. Fellow running it, Arthur Langely, just helped us fit in with the way things were done. We learned what a mark was (a buoy), what a weather mark was (a buoy upwind), a leeward mark (a buoy downwind), and what side of the mark you're supposed to round when sailing the course (that's given terms of the side of boat, port or starboard, that's nearest the buoy as you round the it). Simple things, but new to me, but things Elizabeth claimed to have under control from camp. That little adventure came to five bucks a week. *Sammy*, the name of the little Spindrift, was perfect. We'd pop him into the back of the pickup, drive down, set him up, and join in. We were learning about *Sammy*, and *Sammy* was learning about us.

Final preparations, final test for our trip to this past fall's Festival was a gathering of Connecticut Oar and Paddle Club at Essex (on the Connecticut River) in early September. It would be a good approximation of Saint Michael's, out amongst moored boats that we would have to stay upwind of, across the river and so on. Fact is we got out there, nice morning breeze, and a tug and barge emerge from around the bend upriver, and we find ourselves on the channel side of the red marker about a half a mile below great looming shapes. We move in plenty of time and a bit later a tug goes by with a barge that as Elizabeth said, "... could hold every house on our street with a few yards thrown

in." And right over the spot we'd been sailing through.

"Well," says Elizabeth, "No big deal dad, they'd just push us aside."

"Well, Elizabeth," says I, "I don't think we'd be of this world if that barge got us, we'd be under it and gone." And we discuss the way the river narrows, how the current running with the tide must make it hard to handle the barge and how that makes it matter that we're careful hereabouts.

She started thinking, and when we ran into the Oar and Paddle Club boats and a two fellows suggested she might row with them in their three-oared boat, a beautiful white club-built lapstrake pulling boat, she was gone. The boats looked so good I wrangled a seat in the second boat, and leaving *Sammy* safely at the town landing, we crossed the river for a picnic. But we'd sailed well enough and gotten the idea that upwind of anchor lines when sailing through an anchorage was a must. We were ready for Saint Michael's.

Save, of course, a few minor preparations. And we were probably far from alone in this respect. From the Carolinas to the shores of the old Massachusetts Bay Colony, computer folk, clerks, draftsmen, engineers, secretaries, teachers, housewives, carpenters, machinists, a few boat builders, perhaps a man of the cloth, a banker, and a doctor or two and there must be a lawyer in there somewhere, were very busy with trailers and boats.

There were bearings to be assembled and disassembled, pitted races to be replaced and seals to be checked. There were wrong parts to be bought and returned, grease guns to be loaded and, perhaps, loaded again, and trailer lights to be gotten in order, or disorder, and finally got working. Such tasks after a long day at the shop or office held the potential to degenerate into mysterious and amazing undertakings. And, as always, under the watchful eyes of the boats. These little ones know all about the froze-up wheel on the thruway, they've heard about it from their buddies at the Mid-Night Boat Meeting and they demand good work on the trailers. Just what is a castle nut, and how tight is just tight enough? It can get vexing, but the boats don't back down.

And then there's always the matter of camping gear. There were those for whom it was old hat and those for whom it was entry into a new world. Sleeping bags, cots, tables, lighting, tents, complex, cunning and elaborate set-ups that fit into simple nylon bags, need organizing. And there's the temptation to stop and create a great boxed system to contain it all, right down to the matches.

And, of course, there's the sailing gear; pants, coats, hats, boots, or nothing at all. And there's the boats' gear. The sails, the rigging, the mooring lines and the anchor. And that special pouch of stainless steel quarter-twenty nuts and bolts that fix everything, and the oars. And all's for naught if the rudder or the tiller are left behind.

In the midst of it all I ceased to function in a clear-headed manner and spent a Sunday on an elaborate pantry-stove-crockery affair that would have served a cross-country trip, and all for, as Elizabeth observed, three light lunches. It gets complicated. It can reach a point, as someone said,



Small craft line the docks.



John England at left and Jim Thayer launch Jim's "A Duckah", a stretched Delaware Ducker. Stephen Cockey in foreground studying the competition as he readies himself for one of the paddling races.

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Photos

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum's Tilghman log canoe *Marianne* during the Saturday afternoon sailing races.





Patina happily underway with the author at the helm.



Picture this.

Jeff Serven Photos

Can this be a Chinese lug rig?



when you just start throwing stuff in the back of the truck and take off.

And so we did. Convoy style. Elizabeth, me, the truck, the trailer, *Patina*, *Sammy* inside *Patina*, camping gear and my neighbor Jeff, his son Garret, his son's friend Ean, Jeff's truck, trailer, sailboat, a kayak and attendant gear. Down I95, across the Tappan Zee, down the Garden State, onto the Jersey Turnpike, over the Delaware bridge and into the Delmarva in the early night. Time to stop and sleep and, then, on to Saint Michael's.

And slip into Saint Michael's we did, and in the dark before dawn and time for a little more sleep. And it was then I realized a toothache was a upon me. Sleep would not do. The only cure was walking.

Walking right through the dawn, around town, along the edge of the water, watching a sun of rose and gold come up over the water then throw its color high and fade into a morning sky as a couple of watermen thread the creek, and head out. That, plus a trip to the drugstore for every known remedy for a bad tooth, got me into the day.

And the water was moving gently, a breeze was beginning to stir and high tide was here. And the path to the beach was dry. Just the right conditions for getting the boats overboard. Elizabeth slept through it, the boys too, as Jeff and I got both our boats in the water. And the breeze just keep getting a little stronger, the sun a little brighter, and the water a bit more of a sparkle. It was a lazy Friday with a nice breeze in early October. It was too perfect a day to waste on the complexity of two masts or the time it would take to set them up.

The Miles River, basking in the sun and just beyond the broad harbor's mouth, beckoned. *Patina* jogged along. Jeff came alongside. It was a pretty sight. He sails a sloop, takes pride in making his entire rig, jib and a gaff mainsail that have very fine proportions and tapered spars. We sail in company, the boats, the wind and the washed blue sky and whisper of the wakes takes us out, then up-river, then across to the far shore and, finally, back to the beach. Maybe an hour and a half, maybe more. Elizabeth was

"Let's go. It's perfect, Elizabeth. Get *Sammy* rigged and we'll sail across the river. It's perfect," say I.

"I don't know, dad," says Elizabeth, "looks big to me. You sail, I watch."

"No, no. Let's go," says I.

"No," says Elizabeth.

"Tell you what, let's take *Patina* across, then we'll take *Sammy*, then you'll see," says I.

"Okay," says Elizabeth.

And out we go in *Patina*. The breeze just hangs over the water, an even hand that moves the boat right along and the sun shines and again the water whispers. We're out the channel, up the river. Elizabeth's got the sheet, and I the tiller. Truth is you need hardly hold a thing, just loosely finger the sheet. And I'm realizing I like this rig, especially since fitting the new rudder. Everything balances just right, slow but just so. This is part of the solution to the almost twenty year riddle of the rig problem with *Patina*. Just the way she's balanced now is how I've got to get the sails to balance with the two mast rig. The boat's talking. And Elizabeth and I are going with the flow.

Time to come about and head to the beach. It's time for *Sammy*.

"You take him, we'll sail side by side," I say.

"I don't know," says Elizabeth, "that's a big place."

"Well, let's go together," I say.

And we do. We set *Patina* up. An older fellow stops by and says he knows these little boats, he looks her over and goes his way. We finish rigging her and put her in at the beach. Elizabeth handles the tiller, I the sheet, and we're off in *Sammy*. Two people in a little boat and *Sammy* likes it. We've got more breeze now and a warmer sun and a clear blue sky. It's getting towards noon before we're back in.

"Well, you're ready now," I say. "We'll sail some this afternoon, and tomorrow you should be able to sail her in the race."

"I don't know," says Elizabeth, "I think I'll row today."

Well, I get the drift, and it's killing me. Really was looking forward to sailing side by side, *Sammy* and *Patina*, Elizabeth and me. Especially today, today is skiff heaven. Period. But I let things be. Time for some lunch on the miracle stove-crockery-pantry affair. Elizabeth takes off, one rule; don't go into town alone. After a quick bite I borrow *Sammy* for a short sail and then take *Patina* out. There are a couple of decked sailing canoes across the river and I want to watch them sail. They reach and run and go upwind and cross each other's bows. Graceful fine-lined forms with nice fitting sails.

But all this time I'm thinking about Elizabeth. Why this wariness on the water. I'm sure it's more than meets the eye. Elizabeth's a fairly fearless kid, likes nothing more than a throw to third with a runner coming at her. I just can't see what's stopping her from taking *Sammy* out. And it wasn't until much later, weeks after Saint Michael's, that a plausible notion came my way. That tug boat on the Connecticut was no joke. You do things right with something like that up river of you. And it's more than a little possible Elizabeth was waiting for one to come around the bend on the Miles River. A buoy's a buoy, a river's a river, and tugs come out of nowhere, and you must see it for what it is. That much she'd had direct experience with. Baseball's one thing, a tug looking you in eye, well, that's another. Underneath it all Elizabeth is conservative.

The afternoon is as good as the morning, with more breeze and more boats. Nice looking sprit-rigged skiffs of every sort. Sail some, watch, come in and make a cup of coffee, rest, head back out. I'm content, but I don't see Elizabeth, but *Patina*'s across the river a lot, must just be missing her. Early evening I tie up at the dock, and run across Elizabeth. She's been around, met a girl she'd gone to camp with, and had been rowing *Sammy*. Jeff, she vowed was witness to the truth of it.

She and Garret and Ean wanted hamburgers, so they went to town for the makings, I settled for a hot shower and a cup of coffee and we all met at dark around the cooking fires. And the toothache wasn't too bad as long as I didn't just sit around, and on the boat I solved that problem by stopping and rowing every now and then. Things were under control, more or less.

Saturday, weatherwise, was a repeat of

Friday, the wind steady and staying just off the surface of the water. Perfect for light skiffs, say a Redman skiff with a spritsail rig, or a sailing pram. From early morning there were boats everywhere; Duckers, Pelicans, Whitehalls, flatiron skiffs, catboats, all seemed to be about. *Patina* was out early and soon the decked canoes were across the river doing their dance, there were skiffs here, skiffs there, skiffs everywhere.

But I didn't see Elizabeth and *Sammy*. I came in and went looking.

"Come on Elizabeth, let's get out there," I said. "You've got to sail some, get used to the place. Get a feel of the harbor and river for yourself. It won't hurt if you're going in the race."

"I don't know dad. I'll row out and watch the race," says Elizabeth.

"Okay," says I, "but let's use that boat. It's not right to have things like this. Lets use it or forget it. We've put a lot of effort into this."

"Okay, dad," says Elizabeth.

"I mean it Elizabeth. Let's go. I'll see you out there." I went my way with *Patina*, realizing that there wasn't much hope that I'd see her out there anytime soon. But the weather and sailing were near perfect. About the time, maybe an hour before they were going to have the meeting for the Saturday afternoon race, I ran into a fellow from the Connecticut Oar and Paddle Club and we went out in *Patina*. Farther then we'd planned to go, and longer than we should have if I was to get back in time for the pre-race meeting. The weather was such that on the way back in I decided to add the second mast for the race. *Patina* behaves very well with two masts if there's wind but no wave to speak of, and that's what we had.

But heading in I saw *Sammy*, sail up and aside one of the floats at the end of the pier. And the last time I'd seen *Sammy* he was up in the reeds 25 yards from the beach. Somebody was up to something. And I'm hoping it's Elizabeth.

It took forever to reach that pier, the tide must have changed and the wind must have died at the same time, so I rowed in from the harbor's mouth. And there was Elizabeth and her friend, Cambridge, from camp and her friend's friend. And on the pier was the gentleman Elizabeth and I had met when we were rigging *Patina* yesterday. He had to be from North Carolina as that's where these skiffs are popular, or so I reasoned, and he was helping them get ready for the race. Well, I was ready for one kid in a boat, and ready for just about whatever might happen, but three kids in a boat and ready for whatever might happen, now that was stretching it. And I knew not these kids from Adam. But they were organized. While Elizabeth, with the help of the gentleman from North Carolina, had been getting the boat ready, Cambridge and her friend had been at the pre-race meeting. The girls were doing things right. And it was time to go.

"What's going on, Elizabeth?" I ask.

"We're racing, dad," says Elizabeth, "the three of us."

"Make them put the life jackets on," says the gentleman from North Carolina.

"Put the life jackets on," says I. "Tight."

"That boom vang's too tight, check it," says the gentleman from North Carolina.



The Miles River is awash with traditional skiffs.

Jeff Serven Photos



Sammy and her intrepid crew, Elizabeth at the helm.

Chesapeake Bay

Holly Sears tending sail for Bob Lavertue in *Pretty Jane*.

Maritime Museum Photo



I check it. "Seems okay to me." I yell back.

"Well, check it again."

I do. It's a bit tight, I loosen it and snap it back in the block.

"Check the outhaul. Its not right."

I do. Seems all right.

"Loosen it."

I do.

"Make sure they have those life jackets on right."

I do.

Okay, girls, you're off." And I give them a shove.

"Good luck," says the gentleman from North Carolina. And three girls and *Sammy* move off the dock with wind abeam, the sail set and heading for the harbor's mouth and the start of the race beyond, well beyond.

No time for another mast in *Patina*. I'm quickly off the float and into *Patina*, and in pursuit. And I'm hoping a really stiff breeze doesn't spring up out of nowhere. But, I'm thinking, I'm rigged for it. With my one mast leg-o-mutton sprit rig nothing could be simpler if I need to fish somebody out of the water. But *Sammy* with three is faster than *Patina* with one. The girls are right up in the pack and I'm kinda jogging along. And what

a start. Boats and boats and boats everywhere. Sprintsails galore. The Miles River is awash with traditional skiffs and a few out and out racing types.

As I near the starting line some shouts, "Give way," and I do. Flying by is a Chesapeake log canoe with a lady on a Chesapeake flying trapeze. That boat knifed by, a flash in the sun. And I see Jeff and I see *Sammy*. And the race is on. Light air, not too good for *Patina* but for the boats rigged for it, there's some action. For the rest of us, it's a delightful sail in the company of newfound friends. *Patina* straggles along, *Sammy* is way ahead. The girls are doing fine. Later I realize that all could not have been safer. One of the girl's parents (Cambridge's) were sailing in a catboat. There was a chase boat. And pretty much everyone was keeping an eye on the kids. It was a water-wise relaxed crowd. And it was a sea of sail with the log canoe a nice touch.

Who won, I could not tell you. Who had fun, everyone. And later that evening, after dinner under the big tent, it was said that over sixty sail were in the race. There hasn't been anything like this for many a year.

But what's the real story here. Eliza-

beth and I? I don't think so. There were, I suspect, over two hundred small boat fans at the festival. And I will guarantee there are over two hundred stories as good, plenty better, than ours.

And they are family stories. My favorite sight at the Festival, outside of seeing Elizabeth in *Sammy* at the race, was a father-son team. There was dad. There was the son. There was the sprit-rigged pram. And they did sail. Saturday they passed me off the harbor's mouth, dad in the bow, son at the tiller, sailing to windward. Dad was just aft the mast, down low, keeping things shipshape. They moved that boat along, straight as an arrow. We watched each other. Not a word said. Sunday, same place, probably same time, there we were again. Sailing by.

"You're really moving," I said, looking at the boy. Dad's eyes are straight ahead. But I get a big smile from the fellow at the tiller and they're gone.

And what's it all about? Nothing more than doing something together. Same with the boats. They're the medium, not the message here.

What is going on at Saint Michael's lets this happen. And I think the future of the small, traditionally oriented boat movement lies very much with this kind of activity. This is not a boat show, or predominately, a workshop. It is the sort of place to take all the skills we manage to put together with our fascination with small craft and enjoy it as part of a greater picture. This is the real Festival. This is what it's all about.

What's been put together at Saint Michael's is a very sophisticated approach to small craft. How it is done is the story over a number of years of those intimate to it. And I hope it will be told and seen for what it is. They've taken the small craft movement to another level.

Restoration

1st Place - "Fifty Fifty", Claude Watson

2nd Place - "Apache", Bob Lavertue

3rd Place - Dragonboat, NCAWPA

1st Time Builder - NCAWPA

Experimental - "Klee Wyok", John Tichenor

People's Choice - "Magnet", Lewis Moore

Builders' Choice - "Magnet", Lewis Moore

Broken Oar Award - A.J. Barto, John Montague, Kevin Brennan

Here come the judges! Rob Barker, Peter Vermilya and Pete Lasher checking out a guideboat with her owner at right.

MASCF XIV Racing and Judging Results

Sailing Races

Under 13'

1st Place - Ed Younie

2nd Place - Graham & Carla Byrnes, "Carlita"

3rd Place - Ahren Surgent, Penguin

13' - 17'

1st Place - Bill Lane, "Alley Cat"

2nd Place - Paul Schuncke, Redwing

3rd Place - Tony Dias & Kay Mehls, "Harry"

Over 17'

1st Place - Ron Gibbs, "Mudbug"

2nd Place - Tom Papell

3rd Place - Richard & Pat Cullison, "Casper"

Rowing/Paddling Races

Kids' Rowing

1st Place - Patrick Doyle

2nd Place - Adam Blackwell

3rd Place - Stephen Cockey

Men's Single Rowing

1st Place - Ahren Surgent

2nd Place - Zell Steever

3rd Place - Peter Duncan

Mixed Doubles Rowing

1st Place - Andy Teeling, Ahren Surgent

2nd Place - Peter & John Duncan

3rd Place - Marc & A.J. Barto

Women's Double Paddle

1st Place - Kat Sharp

2nd Place - Hallie Bond

3rd Place - Marla Surgent

Mixed Double Paddle

1st Place - Ahren Surgent

2nd Place - Todd Starkey

3rd Place - Mike Pogue

Judging

Contemporary

1st Place - (3-way tie) "Magnet", "Sunrise", "Sunset", all built by Lewis Moore

2nd Place - Muskoka Lakes skiff, John Duncan

3rd Place - "Klee Wyok", John Tichenor

1st Time Builder: 1st Place - Ed Kleindinst, "Haida"; 2nd Place - Wayne Stinnette, "Lisa Leigh"

Builder Under 18: 1st Place - Stephen Cockey;

2nd Place - Willie Yonkers

Builder Over 65: 1st Place - Bob Hesse; 2nd

Place - John Gerty

Traditional

1st Place - Modified Wee Lassie, Dick Christie

2nd Place - Sailing peapod, Thad Danielson

3rd Place - "Wood Duck", John Bailey; "Olive Branch", St. Mary's City Foundation

1st Time Builder - "Blood, Sweat, and Tears", Doug Berman

Builder Under 18 - "Patina", Tim and Elizabeth Weaver

Builder Over 65: 1st Place - Dick Christie; 2nd Place - E.H. Hartge (Alice Wilson)





The Model Boats

By George & Marla Sargent

An enthusiastic group of kids, adults and volunteers built over 70 sharpies and spritsail skiffs and then sailed them in the specially setup portable model pond we brought along this year. No wet and muddy feet or competition for limited launching space amongst the big boats on the waterfront.

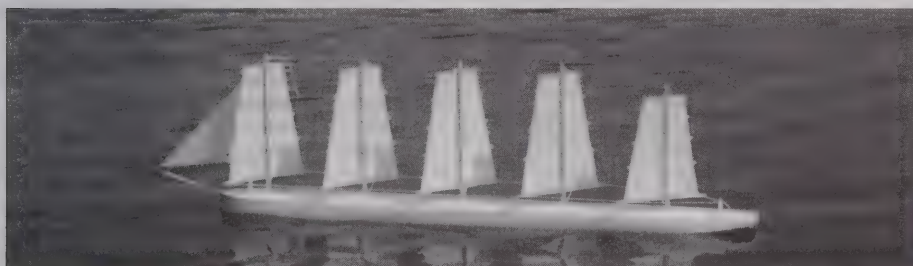
These little boats teach timeless lessons about sailboat anatomy, trim, balance, seamanship and creativity that most of us fail to learn until we experience our ignorance in full size boats. The key to unlocking the curiosity and enthusiasm for the mystery of the ancient art of sail is indeed small.

My 2x4 version of the only 5 masted full rigged ship ever built, the *Preussian*, made its sailing debut at this event.

Some of the builders in a group photo.
Our new portable model pond.



Marla Sargent Photos



Jessica Lydecker tending to Andy Teeling's rowing skiff *Pearl*, which he designed and built influenced by Herreshoff and Gardner.

"Maybe just one more sail before I load up for home!"





Heading out.



In the depths of the swamp.



Haulout, time for socializing.

Okefenokee Outing

By Mac McCarthy

Just returned from our yearly get together at Stephen Foster State Park in Georgia's Okefenokee swamp. This was our fifth get together at the swamp, and about 30 people came to spend three days of paddling, eating, and pleasant conversation in a totally beautiful environment.

The water level in the swamp was high due to heavy rain the week before our arrival, which made it possible to once again paddle down River Narrows to the sill and then back to the park by the brown trail, which is closed to motor boats of any kind. This whole area of the park is just plain pretty. Three strokes of a paddle can take you from an open pond-like area into a cypress swamp, where you have to twist and turn between the cypress knees and the towering trees. The vistas are constantly changing ahead of you as you paddle. You never know what to expect next. Great paddling.

One of the Park Rangers, Pete Griffin, guided us on a moonlight paddle back into the swamp. What an experience. When clouds covered the moon, it was pitch black and you felt you could reach up and touch the stars, they were so bright. Then the moon would slide out into the open again, and you were surrounded by the tall shapes of trees draped in Spanish moss. A really fantastic experience.

In November, the swamp is virtually bug free. We saw very few alligators due to the cool weather and high water level. The cypress needles in November are russet colored, making a strong contrast with the dark green of the pines on higher ground.

Permits to camp out on platforms in the swamp are severely limited, but from Stephen Foster State Park you can take several day trips, some out and back, and the one circle trip. If you get tired, or it starts to rain, you just turn around and paddle back to the park. Cabins and RV and tent sites are available at the park. The canoe trails are well marked so you don't have to worry about getting lost. The park itself is clean, modern, and very well run. Wildlife roam freely all over the park, and at night it is quiet, very quiet. There are no late arrivals here to disturb your sleep, there is a gate to keep out poachers, and it doesn't open at night except for a medical emergency. The park is about 17 miles from the nearest small town, so bring what you need.

I first paddled in the swamp about 12 years ago. I was fascinated by it then, and over the years I have enjoyed it at different seasons and am still fascinated by its vast expanses and gorgeous vistas. This is still a wild place, and there aren't many of them left, so I paddle the swamp every chance I get.

Our yearly get together is an excellent chance to share a truly unique experience. Everyone is responsible for their own reservations and equipment. Most of the canoes in years past have been strippers, made in my shop by me or by students, or made from patterns I supplied, but you don't have to have a wood canvas or stripper canoe to attend. Bring what you have and enjoy.

For further information, or to get on my mailing list write to me.

Henry "Mac" McCarthy, 1705 Andrea Place, Sarasota, FL 34235, 941-953-7660.

One of the most remarkable aspects of the Grenadines is the night sky. To people like ourselves who have spent a large portion of our lives in the northeast US where pollution, both of fumes and light, are a nightly presence, the crystal-clear atmosphere of the Caribbean is a real treat. For most nights of the year, the heavens are visible in arresting clarity here and things that we are not used to seeing are commonplace.

From Mustique, we can see perhaps 25 other islands but, of these, only three produce light at night and even this is of low intensity. Mustique itself produces very little light, partially since electricity is expensive here, but also because of the low population density. There are many places on the island that you can go to where no lights are visible, and most vantage points have only a house or two that are dimly lit at night. Our favorite place for viewing the night sky is Pasture Bay, on the windward coast at the southeast end of the island; here only the weak lights of two houses sully our view and if we choose a moonless night, we are treated to a view that is more of the heavens than of the earth.

We took a trip to Pasture Bay on a recent pitch-black night and were amply rewarded for our efforts. The first curiosity seen was a white light that would shine brightly on the horizon for brief periods and then disappear. We were puzzled by this for awhile, until we figured out that it was fishing boats, hull down over the horizon and only showing a light when they were on a wave crest. There must be a formula for figuring out how far a distant light is, based upon height of eye and height of light, but I can't think of what it is. Regardless, it is very unusual to see ships off of the windward coast, for the Grenadines are a formidable, unmarked lee shore that no seaman would knowingly come close to at night.

On most any clear night, one can easily see the thickened edge of our Milky Way and get a real feeling of depth from our earthly vantage point. The Milky Way at first appears to be high, thin clouds but, upon closer inspection, reveals itself to be a good-sized portion of Carl Sagans' "billions and billions of stars". The sky here becomes the most prominent feature of the night landscape and it is readily evident that the sun-filled daytime atmosphere of earth is in fact a mask that conceals the heavens from us; the stars are always there, but it is only in the absence of the sun that we can see them.

We are used to seeing meteorites on an infrequent basis in the States, but here, a little patience will reward the observer with literally hundreds on many nights; we never cease to wonder at this heavenly display. Small ones are regularly visible, and from time to time a major one, perhaps closer than the rest, comes streaking across the heavens, leaving a smoldering wake. For a real show, we have only to get out the binoculars to get a very clear view of many of the features of the night sky; we sometimes wish that a telescope would be available for some incredible viewing.

We are sometimes taken by surprise by the flights of fireflies, but our stargaz-

Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

ing is rarely interrupted by aircraft since most airstrips in this neighborhood are VFR only. Once in a great while we will see a high and soundless jetliner pass overhead, probably bound for Venezuela, about 175 miles to the south of us. Occasionally we will see the blaze of cruise ship lights on the horizon; they seldom come much closer since Mustique is too tiny and fragile to accommodate such a temporary but huge influx of humanity and they are forbidden to call here. Seeing such a symbol of merriment and high living pass just out of reach does bring on some unusual emotions, but a moment's reflection, we are quite aware that it is for the better that this is as close as they get.

A totally different night sky is rendered by the presence of the moon. The lunar views are wonderfully clear and sharp, and when the moon is full, it takes up most of the sky with its brilliance; blocking the light of most of the other heavenly spheres. Although night sailing is a foolish thing to attempt here; if one were inclined to try it, a full moon would go a long way towards providing enough light to make it to your destination. The shoals and rocks that litter the eastern Caribbean are hard enough to avoid during the day, but he who ventures forth at night is courting almost certain disaster. We have tried it once, accidentally, but I don't think that we would ever want to do it again, regardless of how familiar we become with these waters.

We had another chance to sail on the Bristol 40; and at the same time, return to Baliceaux Island. Although it had been rainy for many days, the weather gods favored us on this day and we had fine conditions of clear sky, hot sun and a steady breeze.

The beat into the meager harbor at Baliceaux was made much easier than we had experienced with the yawl, since we just started the engine when we felt that we had worked in enough. We actually went in a bit further than we should have, but there seemed to be sufficient water; we would come to rethink the wisdom of this decision later in the day.

We went ashore in the dink and had a look around the beach; at this time of year Baliceaux is mostly deserted since the lobster season is over. We could see the fishermen's boats drawn up under some trees near the beach and the shacks were all found to be unoccupied and looking a bit more derelict than usual. Goats could be heard bleating off in the distance so we decided to climb one of the steep hills that run down the spine of the island.

After a rough climb that left us temporarily winded, we were treated to an amazing two-panorama view; the small bay between Baliceaux and Batowia to the east, and Landing Bay to the west where we could look down onto the decks of the Bristol. In the eastern bay lay a French catamaran and a small but trim motorboat

at anchor.

We were then hailed by a man who was calling to us from a small stone building situated in a nearby saddle between two peaks. We walked down and found that it was a West Indian friend of ours known as Pikey. We had a good chat with him and he explained that in addition to his lives as a cab driver and musician on Bequia, he was also the caretaker of Baliceaux during the months that it is not occupied by fishermen. He also bemoaned the pilfering of his animals that roam freely on the island; he had lost nearly half of his herd of goats and almost all of his chickens.

Pikeys' house was quite rough as we could see as we spoke to him through the window. He had very little in the way of furnishings despite having his wife, children and a visitor from Norway living in the house. Just next to the house was a small, pole-mounted wind generator, doubtless salvaged from some sailboat wreck, that he used to provide power for a light bulb and a radio, and which also served to pump water up from the well on the beach to his cistern; the only source for drinking water for both man and beast.

We hiked back down to the beach where we found some of our shipmates roasting a breadfruit over a driftwood fire. Breadfruit are a staple of West Indian diet and are the fruit of the descendants of those trees brought here by Captain Bligh in the 18th century; they are similar in taste and texture to a potato although they take some getting used to. This one was soon made into potato salad; my favorite way of preparing them.

We then swam out to the boat and spent an hour or so diving for sand dollars; this bay turned out to be a fertile location for finding them and we soon had about 20 "keepers". I learned the hard way to not carry them back to the boat in my pocket; my first attempt at this netted me a pocketful of shards.

When it was time to leave we put the anchor windlass to work, only to find that the bow of the boat was drawn down rather than the anchor up. This was because we had set the hook in a patch of coral and it was now firmly jammed between two huge lumps. The mate went down with mask and fins and with much work with the engine above and he below, the anchor was freed.

The sail back was an easy downwind run and then a reach around the Pillories to the anchorage. The day was only marred by our observance, upon our return, of the work of a large excavator laboring on the beach. It seems that a Russian landowner, one of the wealthiest men on the island, after spending many millions on his house found that he had a ridge of coral running through "his" beach; deciding that he would rather have all sand and no coral, he had his whole beach dynamited, the coral dug out and sand put in.

I can't begin to comprehend the ecological impact that this and his previous act of throwing 3,000 tons of rock off of his beach to alter beach erosion will have on this small island, but I view it as a prime example of the laws that prevent this sort of thing not applying to those who have enough money and influence to circumvent them.

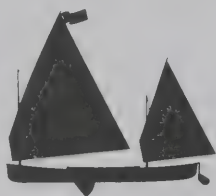
PADDLES & OARS



Maine Craftsmanship at its finest. Surprisingly affordable. Most shipped UPS. Write for free catalog.

SHAW & TENNEY
Box 213MB
ORONO, ME 04473
(207) 866-4867

DOUGLAS FOWLER SAILMAKER



Highest Quality Small Craft Sails
Since 1977

Gaff, Sprit, Lateen and other
Traditional Sails a Specialty

Full Seam Curves

White, Colors or Egyptian
Dacron in Stock

Sails that will fit perfectly
Sunfish® \$175

1182 East Shore Drive
Ithaca, NY 14850
(607) 277-0041

Sunfish is a registered trademark of Sunfish Laser, Inc.

Notes from the Coastal Zone

Anonymous By Request

Went out kayaking on Saturday early in Huntington Harbor. Tide was outflowing and within an hour of ebbing, so I had a very slight ride outward to the convergence area of the four harbors (Huntington, Centerport, Northport, and Lloyd) toward the Eaton's Point/Lloyd's Neck area. I hoped for flood to send me back home. There's a Coast station soon to close at Eaton's. Passed the lighthouse and talked to the repair guys there on a break. I had to lay back on the boat to look up at them, so I put my paddle float out as an outrigger and it worked great. Lots of boats transiting and much wake turbulence. I dashed across the intersection to avoid the biggies and aimed for the exit to the Sound. My intention was to complete the Lloyd's Neck loop from Cold Spring Harbor/Oyster Bay so I'd have seen the whole coast from Great Neck to Glen Cove, Bayville, Oyster Bay, Cold Spring Harbor, Lloyd's Harbor, Huntington, and next to visit Centerport, thence Northport, then jump to Shelter Island and Peconic Bay/Shinnecock Bay, my half circumnav of Long Island.

Lots of eccentrics at the mouth of the inlet from the Sound. Large remnants of the glaciers, cormorant heaven. Water real smooth and boat traffic was now minimal along a very coarse gravel shoreline which is a nature haven. Lots of baronial estates which makes it swan heaven, too. The cygnets are now goose size and the parents don't chase your boat and wap you upside the head anymore. Male swans (trumpeter) are a good head over me when alongside and mean as a junkyard rat.

It was nice seeing Connecticut across the strait and sailboats spooning the horizon, but some weather was swinging through and I felt exposed in the swell and breakers amidst the rocks, but very much in control. Went back to the gravel coast intending to do some Lloyd Harbor looksee, but my back was bothering me and I needed about five minutes of stretch. I spied a float grounded on the beach as I was outbound and made for it. I snuggled up next to it in a very small notch in the beach which was "J" shaped with the open end toward the inlet opening. My tail was in two inches of water off the beach and eight feet forward in about six inches. I leaned on the float while snacking and watering. I wanted to get up on

the float to sit afterwards. Off to the right, flat water, slight lapping at the float and all was dreamy for about five minutes. I was day-dreaming watching a stinkpot I'd like, when off to the open side a series of waves SILENTLY caromed ashore before I could react from my leaning position. They came in three feet high, seven of them, which flipped me onto the float and off, rotated the boat and left me drenched, snackless, binoc wet, camera wet, and pissed off.

Flat water everywhere and then this surprise. I was pissed if I didn't mention I figured out that the "J" was there because of this aberration on the bottom that cause waves to go nuts at this point. It was silent because the first shore it hit was at the very spot of the float, which is why the float washed up there. It was all in plain sight and I missed every hint, which did wonders for my attitude. You would have laughed and said, "...the doc says, you're gonna die!" Anyhow, I slithered ashore, emptied tons of water out of the Death Boat, and sopped up as much moisture from the camera (a cheapy cardboard) and my reasonably ancient binocs. Wet but undaunted and miracle, no one save some laughing gulls saw it, made me feel better. Pushed on about a mile to a hidden cove that was, after "mature" inspection, free from errant waves and with a sandy bottom. As I had settled into the boat in chop, I wanted to get out and adjust padding, so I bottomed out parallel to the beach.

Just before me was a little green heron (orange beak, redhead, gray-green body and greenish legs) no more than 50 feet away. I was looking through the misty binocs while sitting in an inch or so water when I felt breathing next to my right ear. I slowly turned right to meet Cujo! A boxer mastiff mix taller than sitting height, one-eyed with a damaged right side of his face, squinting and sniffing me up close and personal. Soft sand had allowed him to sneak right up, and being engrossed didn't help either. Didn't know what to say. For some dumbass reason I said "meow" rather louder than desired, and he significantly backed off. I said it again about equal volume and he turned tail and ran at high speed away. Amazing. Some psychological abhorrence of cats! Shook me though, as this was the second misjudgement of the day and the fact that it could have been as bad as a shark attack with no help in sight. Land Shark.

Long story shortened. Got back after exploring for two hours, meeting and talking to some kayakers, pulled ashore, dragged the boat to the car. I fumbled in my pocket suddenly realizing my electronic car alarm remote was soaked. I usually put it in a daysack, but... It didn't work. I cleaned it and nothing. So I opened the car and dove for the manual off switch, it didn't work. Claxon blaring, looking like a drowned cat, dirty, and pooped, I looked like the par typical homeless car thief. A small, discreetly distanced crowd (10, though seemed like hundreds) gawked. This was not good. I tried every which way, but it wouldn't shut up. So I finally got my knife out, which hushed the crowd and cut the claxon wires. Silence. Some fool said, "Is that your car?" Stifling the cynical remark such morosity would usually elicit, I said, "Of course, a car thief would have more skill," which dispersed the crowd giggling. I played with it and finally got the car started, loaded, and left waving. What a day. At least I proved the "things happen in threes" rule.

WAKE YOUR SPIRIT. ROW AN ALDEN!

FREE CATALOG
1-800-626-1535



ALDEN OCEAN SHELLS
ROWING EXPERTS FOR OVER 25 YEARS
Box 368, Eliot, ME 03903 • <http://www.rowonline.com/alden/>

I purchased my Sea Pearl 21, *The Gottabe*, from Ron Johnson at the 1986 Annapolis Boat Show. Obviously, launching and recovering this little lady means clearing a 10 acre area of all moving and permanent obstructions to avoid gouges and scratches and insuring that any gangs of vandal swans and geese are out of harms way. Fenders must be armed and manned, and depths (even for a Pearl) must be sounded.

Ah, but this little story is not about the *Gottabe*. As much as I love her, she is no fishing boat, so I started searching for a 12' to 14' aluminum boat with a trailer, one that could be bumped into a ramp with no concern and if the keel scraped over a rock, well, so what. It just so happened that, as I was discussing my search with my golfing buddies, one of them just happened to have such an animal, and it was for sale. Of course, on the way home I stopped to look at it and the deal was made on the spot, boat and trailer for \$350. The boat had been sitting on her trailer for quite a period of time and showed it. The trailer was without lights, the tires might get me the 12 miles home, assuming that the bearings still turned and the hitch would hold together.

The bearings turned and the hitch held. I got to work on the boat and cleaned it up. It was a 14' Alumacraft built in the mid 1950s, a few bumps and bruises but basically in good shape. The trailer, now that was another matter. I got to work on it and replaced hubs, wheels, and tires. A longer tongue and a new hitch seemed the way to go. Of course, the

First Launch

By Richard J. Dix

bunks never fit the boat, so I replaced those, a new set of lights and wiring harness and I could be seen. But with all that effort, the trailer looked pretty shabby, so sandblasting and a fresh coat of white paint seemed in order.

Finally, the day came to see if the boat would indeed float. I asked Kay, my wife, if she would like to go for a little boat ride on Pickerel Lake, one of a chain of four lakes about 20 miles away. I think she saw possibilities for a little entertainment, so she quickly said yes. On the way over I told her that this boat would not be like the *Gottabe*, no fenders, if she gets bumped, why no problem. Her only response was a twinkle in her eyes.

We got to the public launch site on Pickerel Lake. It is a simple sand ramp to the lake with concrete slabs extended into the water for 20 feet or so. No docks or any improvements of that sort.

I got the trailer lined up with the ramp, removed the tie downs and unhooked the bow line. As I got into the pickup, I told Kay to grab the boat as it came off the trailer. Now Kay would have done that if I had attached a line to the boat for her to hang onto, this time casualness had gone a step too far. I slipped the pickup into reverse and leaned out the door

to see how things were coming. At this point I started to fall out the door which naturally caused my foot to push harder on the gas pedal. It came to me reasonably quickly that I was going to launch boat, trailer, and pickup all at the same time. Somehow I slammed the shift lever into low just as the truck reached the water and, in so doing, the boat shot off the trailer like an arrow. She sat there, beautifully I might add, bobbing slightly while gradually drifting out on the lake, unmanned, with her oars in the locks ready for use.

A man standing knee deep in the lake, comfortably shaded by a convenient tree and holding a can of brew in his hand, had observed the whole performance. As I straightened myself up, I asked him if he would mind grabbing the boat and pushing it ashore. He assured me that it would be his pleasure to do that for me.

I parked the pickup and came back to Kay and the boat. Kay got in and I started to push off from the shore. You could see that our new friend was faced with a problem, could he in good conscience let this pair of dingbats proceed out on the water on their own? He asked if we needed any further help, and I assured him that, as he could see, we had matters well in hand. As I rowed out of sight around the point, I looked back at him still standing in the water, his brow wrinkled and with his beer held comfortably at the ready. I'm sure he was pondering whether or not he could be held liable for what was in store for that couple as soon as they were out of sight.

New from Compass Classic Yachts

14' CLASSIC CAT



- Good looks *
- Easy handling *
- Speed *
- Versatility *
- Forgiveness *
- LOA 14' *
- Beam 7' *
- Draft 10" *

- Seats *
- Cockpit room *
- Comfort *
- Stability *
- Low Maintenance *
- Affordable price *
- SA 130 sq ft *
- Displacement 600# *

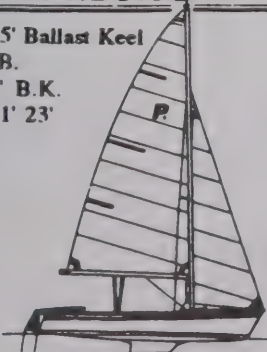
Fiberglass construction * Varnished wood trim



DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED
Compass Classic Yachts, Inc.,
Box 143, South Orleans, MA 02662
Shop 80 Rayber Rd. Orleans, MA
(508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032

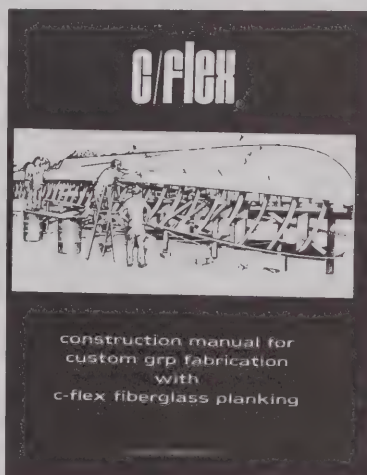
PRECISION

New 15' Ballast Keel
15' C.B.
16-1/2' B.K.
18' - 21' 23'



FERNALD'S MARINE
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312

This is the book that started it all.



You have known us as
the C/Flex® People, but our
expertise in custom one-off
construction goes far beyond...

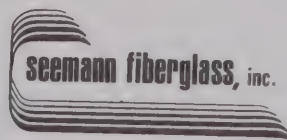
- C/Flex® Sheathing (Patented)
- C/Flex® New Construction
- Dura Kore® Planking
- PVC Foam Construction

All the supplies and knowledge you need in one stop.
Kit boat suppliers rely on us. Shouldn't you do the same?

1-800-358-1666

Fax: 504-738-6014

Corporate office: Harahan, LA 70123





At Last

By Wayne Grieco

Sunday June 18, 1995: On a hot and breezy Sunday afternoon at 1:00 PM I hitched *At Last*'s new trailer to my car and left for Innwood Marina. After dealing with Father's Day traffic, I finally arrived, backed the trailer into the water and launched *At Last*. This launching followed nine years of neglect, abuse, and abandonment of the boat that I built and loved.

On May 9, 1995, *At Last* was rescued from sitting in a backyard in Long Island. As I looked at her after all those years, I could remember building her in 1983 and 1984, and the two years, 1984 and 1985, that I sailed her.

The summer of 1984 was spent on White Lake in Upstate New York. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday I would commune with *At Last* for many hours each day.

In 1985, *At Last* was trailered to Bayville, Long Island. There she was trailered back and forth to Oyster Bay, where we spent many days on the salty waters.

In 1986, I bought a 25' fiberglass sailboat and *At Last* became an all but forgotten love. In 1986, *At Last* lay most of the time sitting half under water in Center Port, LI, on a mooring, used only once for perhaps an hour. In late 1986, *At Last* found herself on the roof of the parking garage in New York City where she was built only three years before.

In 1987, *At Last* was lent to a friend and used only twice, after which she languished for the next eight years, alone and almost forgotten.

In 1992 or 1993, the 25' boat was sold, a whole other tale. In April 1995, my mind and heart could not stop thinking, feeling, and wanting to get *At Last* and bring her home. I wanted to fix her back to new. After about 50 or 60 hours of work, *At Last* indeed looked like her old (new) self again. A proud and happy moment in time. She had withstood the time well. The epoxy coating protected her wood except for two injured parts that were relatively easy to repair. There she was.

On that Sunday June 18, 1995, after getting off the trailer and the usual rigging tensions done, we sailed off to windward on a port tack. It was as though no time had elapsed,

no nine year's span. We sailed, we tacked, we went downwind and back to the dock. We sailed for about an hour, loaded up and went home, but the image of that day, how *At Last* looked in the sunlight, the way she felt on the water. *At Last* knew exactly what to do, she always did. She sailed and sailed so incredibly well and fast. Being narrow of beam and a long length, she was fast, a bit tender, but with sheet always in hand, easily worked with. We flew, we splashed and it was I who had to remember what to do. *At Last* knew, she never forgot.

Sunday, July 2, 1995: I forgot to bring the oars... There was a lovely gentle breeze that took us out into Jamaica Bay, just coasting along, perfect. An overcast day, the kind of day you can smell the water more. Lots of birds making wonderful sounds.

The breeze lightened, so I headed back. Remember, I forgot to bring the oars. I coaxed, I begged, but the wind died. I waited for a breeze, I tacked, I wished. What to do?

At Last has a lee board instead of a center board. I tried it. It worked and it worked well. With the tiller resting on my back to steer, I paddled a least a mile. *At Last* went right along. Lucky the tide was still.

The Jamaica Bay is a great place for *At Last*, quite soft (the bottom and shore) and safe. The North Shore of Queens would not do.

I wonder if I'll ever forget the oars again?

Monday, July 3, 1995: I remembered the oars today but didn't need them. After a friendly chat with some locals about having remembered to bring the oars today, *At Last* and I took off. Gustly, but good breeze met us out on the bay off JFK a good 12 to 15 knot breeze. I had to overcome my usual, I don't know how else to put it, fear, and then we did fine.

You see, *At Last* aged less than I have in the last 11 years. I'm sore all over from getting *At Last* on and off the trailer, the trailer on and off the car, and in general from scampering about while on *At Last*. Well!

At Last just sailed like a dream, water splashing over the bow, water gurgling and swishing by. God, it was great to sail with *At*

Last again, she depending on my knowledge and ability, and I on her absolute reliability to behave as she was designed to do. *At Last* never fails. Sometimes I do, but today we were excellent.

A lot of talk from locals today about *At Last*'s beauty and her being "homemade." Folks just love to say, "Did you build it yourself? You gotta know what you're doin' to make and sail a boat like that."

A Nassau cop in the parking lot at the marina, after watching me for about 10 minutes, drives over and stops next to me while I'm getting things ready, *At Last* still on her trailer, and says, "Did you make it yourself? Is there a center board, etc., etc.?" Turns out he's a sailor and has a 22' Lazer. His parting words, "Yeah, it's best to keep things simple." Boat people are a friendly lot.

As I write in this book while sitting in by back yard, *At Last* is sitting on her trailer not 12 feet away from me in the driveway. I look up and see that boat there and can hardly believe my eyes.

Saw a Concorde jet take off at JFK while we were on Jamaica Bay.

Saturday, July 8, 1995: Port tack in "perfect" conditions straight down to Broad Channel Rockaway Railroad Bridge. We were relaxed and at home. *At Last* was magnificent, and I did all right too. Broad reach all the way home in fairly steady 10 to 15 knot breeze.

We had to wait when we arrived at the marina. The tide was out and the launching ramp was slick as shoal. After about an hour's wait, we were off. Several tacks in the inner bay got us out onto Jamaica Bay. It was great. Sailing is something that feels so right and I'm proud to sail with *At Last*. She's a real attention getter, too.

Today I was in a much better place and I remembered how to sail *At Last*. I took control and she loved it. We sailed today.

The man who is in charge of the marina is a good fellow. He's a retired roofer. He catches crabs and has them for lunch. Cooks them up right in building there. It's a nice little marina, very peaceful.

The breeze is still blowing. I wonder if I (we) will go sailing tomorrow?

Sunday, July 16, 1995: Very gusty winds, 10 to 20 knots. Full high tide about 1:00 PM. A strong breeze took us straight out onto the bay. Lots of spray over the bow. On a broad reach or downwind *At Last* planes. We had to be doing at least eight knots at some points. We had a good time doing some really good sailing.

On the return we went right into the dock on one tack. By the way, our landings at the dock have been truly superb. The locals at the marina don't know a lot about sailing and when we dock they are amazed. In we come straight toward the dock, and fast. At about two or three feet from the dock, I put *At Last*'s tiller hard over and let the sheet go. With the sail a flutter, we slide peacefully onto the dock. Pretty nifty.

It was a great sail, the best I've had in many years. It's just hard to stop thinking about sailing with *At Last*.

Saturday, July 22, 1995: Woke at 5:30 AM. Hot and humid day. Arrived at the marina about 9:00 AM. After waiting for a family who were launching a boat they just acquired, *At Last* got into the water.

Even with such a light breeze, *At Last* moved right out. With the tide and light breeze,

on a broad reach we were halfway to the Railroad Bridge to Rockaway in short order. From time to time the breeze would stop altogether, so we came about to see if we could make way against the tide, and we did. Slowly we jogged back, rowing occasionally, which turned out not to be necessary as the breeze picked up.

We saw a sailboat, gave chase and were overcoming nicely as we passed our marker to Innwood. So we came about and headed in.

Passed a police boat in the channel. They said, "Didn't think there was any wind today," as we nicely sailed past them.

Back at the launching ramp, the same family who were in our way going out were again at the dock. So we sailed back and forth by the docks with a nice breeze. It was a good sail.

Saturday, August 5, 1995: Cloudy morning threatening to rain. We went anyway!

Today we had a little of everything. We started out with bright "hot" sun and a very light breeze. Then even lighter wisps just ghosting along. The sun disappeared, a breeze came up and we had a great sail.

Didn't venture too far though, as the overcast sky looked like it could get nasty fast. It didn't. We only sailed for a short time but it was great. We had the bay almost to ourselves.

In the hour or so that we sailed there were only two boats sighted. Sometimes I forget how fast *At Last* is, and in all strengths of wind. A sailboat about 23' came out with several people on board. We passed in opposite directions and after about 10 minutes we came about and went toward the boat that went by. In less than 20 minutes we caught up.

By now the breeze was up and we were close hauled into the channel toward the dock. The sky was looking quite gray now and the wind was gusting, so we called it a day. It was too short a time.

We got a later start because I second guessed myself in the morning about the weather. Should we go, should we not? The lesson here is when you want to go sailing, go, unless there is a storm. Just go.

Every day is different, a little clouds, a little rain, etc., and each condition brings its own beauty. It's never enough.

Monday, August 21, 1995: Felt like an "old hand" today. We had a "long sail," 12:30 to 4:30. Lots of wind with a good chop on the bay, compliments of Hurricane Felix. A strong breeze with spray made it all the more fun, and *At Last*, on a close haul, cuts through chop quite well, though it did take several tacks to get out onto the bay.

We turned back after going halfway to the railroad trestle and flew down wind toward the entrance to Innwood. Then we turned back again and went all the way to the bridge and under to the other side and sailed off Broad Channel for a while. Wind was perfect.

Now, getting under that railroad trestle is a story. First, I finally realized I could fit. 26' clearance. *At Last* stands about 17 feet. OK, now to go under that bridge took four or five tries. Every time I approached (close hauled), the wind would get blocked by the bulkheads that protect the bridge pillars and, of course, the tide was against us. Well, out came the oars and under we went. It only took about 20 strokes until we caught the wind on the other side. Later, going back downwind, we had no problem with the bridge.

All the way back up the bay we flew

downwind, at least 10 knots per. We even passed a motorboat on the way. Of course, they were only trawling. The wind kept up all the way back to the dock, where we made another perfect landing with lots of compliments from the locals.

At Last and I have gotten to a point where we know what to expect from each other, yet we learn more on every sail. After many years of trying to eat or drink on *At Last*, I finally found a way to get a free hand while still not tying down the sheet. I pinch the sheet between my thumb and the tiller. This gives me about 10 minutes before the thumb gets tired. It really works and it is very relaxing to have a free hand.

I still can't believe that *At Last* is in my garage not far from where I am sitting right now. It is also a difficult concept to get used to, that I live in Forest Hills, Queens, New York, and that only 12 miles away by trailer there is another world. A world that no one could ever have convinced me would be so beautiful, the world of Jamaica Bay. Strange what some people are thankful for.

Took pictures today.

Saturday, August 26, 1995: When I got up there was no wind, so I mopped the kitchen floor and cut the grass. By 11:00 there was just a small breeze. We went.

The marina was crowded, I never saw it so. The tide was down and still going out. I was impatient and prone to error. It was a very good thing that *At Last* was so well behaved and alert. I ran the lee board and rudder aground in the channel. No harm done, though it felt and sounded awful.

By now there was a very good breeze indeed as we hauled down the bay toward the bridge, *At Last* doing her thing cutting through the chop and moving well to windward. For some reason I was just not up to par, but we did all right.

With the tide with us, we went effortlessly under the trestle. Again we sailed off Broad Channel where there was a large brush fire further north. By now the wind was quite strong as we headed back. Even going downwind, getting under the trestle was difficult and took several attempts. The wind just does not get under that bridge and with the tide against us made it a real pain. Finally, after getting through, we flew.

The tide was at dead low when we got back to the dock and there was a boat at the dock. It's a small dock and at low tide it turns out there is only about two feet of water. After sailing back and forth for a while, I realized that the boat at the dock was not going to move. I debated for a while whether or not to take down the rig, pull up the lee board and rudder and row in or to sail in. We sailed in. Just as I turned and let the wind out of the sail, the lee board ran hard aground just inches from along side the boat tied at the dock. I pulled up the lee board and rudder and gently rode alongside.

The tide was so low that without the help of a father and son who were fishing at the deck, I couldn't have gotten *At Last* onto her trailer. Other than one or two very minor scratches, we came through unscathed.

Saturday, September 2, 1995: We left the dock with the wind at our backs. We sailed fast and well. Downwind we went on a rough disturbed bay. The tide was coming in and the wind was going out.

We explored along the shore of Rockaway before heading back. Now we went to windward with the tide under our keel. We sailed so well that the brief two hours or so were completely satisfying, and back at the dock we did it again, another perfect landing.

There were a lot of boats out today, but no other sailboats. The wind was perfect, not steady but plenty of it, 10 to 20 knots.

It was a very clear day, and it looked like everything was so close. Even the Manhattan skyline was etched in relief. Every buoy stood out in brilliant color like bobbing circus clowns or Her Majesty's Beefeaters dressed in red and green, on sentry duty guarding the bay.

By the time we landed, the tide had turned and as we left the marina some clouds came by, but they only stayed a while, they came to say hello and left along with us. The Beefeaters stayed behind.

It's 9:00 PM now. *At Last* is in the garage, the sun has long set, the crickets are serenading, and the buoys stand watch on a darkened bay. I can see them in my mind's eye, bobbing up and down and leaning and straining against the tide. Lights jump on the dark water here and there, the current on its eternal journey. The Beefeaters stand their watch.



There is one particular, and one only, in which the man who sails the Great Lakes is better off than the navigator of the major salt-water seas. That is on the score of the availability and dependability of weather forecasts. Completely surrounded by settled regions, reports of meteorological changes in every direction make it possible to forecast the approach of storms with comparative certainty.

On ocean coasts, on the other hand, the great seaward area is largely a blank from the forecaster's standpoint, and considerable disturbances may descend unheralded save by the sometimes cryptic barometer. Radio reports from ships plying the regular sea lanes have mitigated this difficulty considerably, but such weather service is hardly comparable to that available in a region where the movements of storms can be charted hour by hour in whatever direction they are swooping.

Since by far the greater part of the course I had laid out for my voyage through the Lakes was to be along coasts where weather reports could only be available belatedly, if at all, there was really no great comfort to be extracted from a condition of which only the regular navigator could take full advantage.

That I did take some heart from it, however, was due to the fact that regular Weather Bureau service was going to be available to the several Coast Guard stations located at convenient intervals along the first, and conceivably the worst, leg of my voyage, the open and stormy west coast of Lake Michigan. With everything still to learn about Great Lakes navigational conditions, this, with reasonable care and luck, would give a fair chance to get shaken down for the work along the wilder and more unsettled coasts farther along.

The fair weather promised for the day set for my departure from Milwaukee came on as forecast. The morning was mild, windless, and cloudless, with not even a blur of murkiness hanging as a threat on the northeastern horizon. I was to learn later that most of the days that came with these smiling, shining morning faces had clubs behind their backs in the way of afternoon thunder squalls. But this day was an exception, bent on playing out the game with the carafe thrown down on the table at the opening dawn-time deal.

A highly welcome recruit for the run as far as Green Bay turned up at the last moment in the person of Newell Tellander of the Milwaukee Yacht Club. He had just brought his

By Waterways To Gotham Chapter II Up the West Shore of Lake Michigan

By Lewis Freeman (Published in 1926)

own yawl through the tail of the late storm from somewhere on the northern lake, but was quite unable to resist the temptation to find out firsthand how the same waters would behave to a rowboat. For my part, overloaded though my little craft promised to be, I was only too glad to have with me for the initiatory period one of the most experienced of Lake Michigan yachtsmen.

I was especially pleased at the prospect of having potential help available in the event of a forced landing in rough weather. Just how my boat was going to be taken in through breakers and beached was a problem I knew was going to take a deal of solving, and it was reassuring to know that my first tentative experiments would have the benefit of an extra head and hand.

To the accompaniment of the cheers of crowds on the bridges and the tooting of whistles, we launched the boat into the oil and coal dust streaked tongue of water called the Milwaukee River and started for the Yacht Club on the outer harbor. It was like throwing a snow baby into a pit of tar, with the consequence that what were one moment glossy dove gray sides, sparkling under a coat of indurated spar varnish as the boat flashed through the sunlight on her maiden plunge, were transformed in an instant to the dusky, unrefulgent smeariness of the bows of a self-dumping coal-barge.

Lohengrin's homing swan trying to navigate the great pitch lake of Trinidad couldn't have made a sadder mess of it. And that was the launching, the occasion so carefully and prayerfully prepared for by sailors that all may be propitious and of good omen! No wonder our friends at the Yacht Club asked if we'd replaced the traditional bottle of champagne with a coal-hod.

And the omen of that far from auspicious launching was singularly prophetic. A month

and a half later, running through Harlem River and Hell Gate and across Long Island Sound to Flushing, the voyage that had begun in a mile of oil and coal dust finished in ten miles of garbage. Yet between these unsavory havens of departure and arrival stretched 2000 miles of the cleanest, greenest water, and half a hundred days of the liveliest and most exhilarating navigating I have ever known.

What with a farewell luncheon party at the Yacht Club and the infinite odds and ends of loading, trimming, and a final shakedown of outfit, it was close to 1:30 before we were ready to make a start. With the addition of Tellander's weight, the boat sat even lower in the water than I had anticipated, but that was not a matter to worry about until the wind and sea came up. With the surface of the lake like that of a mill pond, one could keep dry on a plank.

There was the usual flood of parting advice and admonition, most of it superfluous. That of Captain Kincaide, in command of the Milwaukee Coast Guard station, coming from a man with one of the most notable lifesaving records in the service, could not be taken otherwise than seriously.

"Hug the coast pretty close all the way round the west and north shores of Michigan," he said. "After you get to the Straits of Mackinac, you will have islands to dodge behind most of the way to the foot of Georgian Bay. But don't take any unnecessary chances along the open coasts of Lake Michigan. Don't leave harbor if the weather is threatening, and if it becomes threatening while you are out, head for the nearest shore and make your landing before the seas get up.

Don't risk keeping out on the lake with bad weather coming up from any direction. A squall off the land may blow you out into the middle of the lake, even if it doesn't swamp you, while one from the lake will quickly get up such a sea that you can't count on making a safe landing through the breakers. You'll find it a good rule not to get over four or five miles offshore at any time, no matter how much distance you can save by cutting from point to point."

"But on a day of really settled weather..." I started to protest. I was ready enough to keep port in storms, but still harbored an idea that lost time could be made up by cutting corners when the going was good in between.

Wrinkles etched by a hundred storms on Captain Kincaide's weather-beaten face deepened and lengthened as he tried to repress a smile of amused indulgence.

"I forgot you were a stranger to these waters," he said, half apologetically, "else you'd know that there isn't such a thing as settled weather on the Great Lakes, either in summer or winter. The fairest morning is likely to give you the foulest afternoon. You can't take liberties with them in a ten thousand ton freighter, let alone a cockleshell like this one. Better play safe by keeping where you can beach ahead of bad weather. It's better to be safe than sorry."

It has since occurred to me that these few simple admonitions of Captain Kincaide's might be framed as an epitome of directions for rowboat and canoe navigation of the Great Lakes. My respect for the wisdom of them increased with experience, and especially as a sequel to the events following the one occasion on which I held them in flagrant disregard. Just as long as I kept them well in mind

Crowd at our departure from Milwaukee.



and acted accordingly, I was safe, or comparatively so, and the time I failed to heed them I was sorry, very sorry indeed.

With but four hours of daylight left, Port Washington, 30 miles to the north, was the only convenient harbor to be made for the night. Running out through the anchored yachting fleet, we headed up for the north entrance of Milwaukee Harbor. The water was still glassy smooth, with barely a lop against the sides of a breakwater which, three days previously, I had seen almost completely obscured by the heavy surges crashing in against it from the lake. Outside was a continuation of the mirrorlike calm, with the glistening blue-green surface of the lake stretching unbroken to where water and sky merged in the slaty blur of smoke floating above the main steamer track.

Running due north, we passed close to the concrete crib of the old Milwaukee water works and headed up the bluffy coast. Water with barely enough movement to sparkle in the declining afternoon sun lapped an unending ribbon of silver bright beach, with patches of sward behind and knots of trees still fresh with early summer's new leafiness. A flock of ducks floated lazily, doubled in size by their reflections in the mirror below. Seaward, a sloop with drooping sail, becalmed, waited for a breath of evening breeze.

There was something strangely familiar in the almost Nirvanic calm of that unwinding diorama of seascape and landscape which not even the staccato of a hard hitting little motor could quite dispel, and presently I recalled what it was. It was the Great Lakes as I had first glimpsed them, the characteristic Great Lakes picture which had been in my mind when I planned my original "quiet water" voyage, "just one silver strand after another bordering long narrow reaches of water that were as flat and blue in real life as upon the maps."

And, as a sibyl of old saw visions form in the fumes of her witch fire, I gazed through the thin blue smoke above a motor purposely over-oiled while it ran off its factory stiffness and dreamed of a dream come true. Or rather, I had just got well started dreaming when Tellander spoiled it all by beginning a recital of how, four days previously, his yawl had been hove to all night in a 60-mile gale just a few miles to the north.

"You probably won't see another day like this to the end of your voyage," he added in conclusion. That from the man I had taken along for comfort and reassurance. And yet he was quite right, as the sequel proved. Never again were the conditions altogether right to conjure up once more the "typical Great Lakes picture" which had persisted through the years, finally to lure me to plan the "quiet water" voyage upon which I was now embarked. But it was something to have the start melt into the ideal composition of the old picture anyhow.

A couple of miles of Milwaukee suburban homes, molded persuasively to the contours of the hills back of the bluffs, was followed by a zone of ampler country estates, and these by great, rich, rolling farms, with endless lines of cattle winding down sylvan lanes to the big red barns and the milking sheds. The white beach and the green-streaked brown bluffs still ran on, but with few signs of life. Boathouses were conspicuously absent. The lakefront was evidently the back door of the

countryside, and a very slightly used one at that. Along the open west shore of Lake Michigan, the use of small boats is almost entirely confined to the insignificant stretches protected by breakwaters.

The little Elto was hitting smoothly and steadily, driving the heavily loaded boat at a speed which a check over a known distance between two points proved to be better than eight miles an hour. While this was much faster than I had hoped for, especially until the motor had been thoroughly "run in," I knew that the real test of power would not come until it had worked out in the broken water that was to be expected far more frequently than smooth.

I was still somewhat dubious of the ability of an outboard motor to drive a heavily laden boat against head seas, and I was distinctly apprehensive of what would be the effect of following seas slopping over it. Those were points upon which there would be ample opportunity for enhanced knowledge without long delay. For the present, it was highly encouraging to find that I was getting so satisfactory a speed from a motor which could be tilted up at a moment's notice and leave me free to maneuver for a landing with the oars whenever the lake showed signs of developing a punitive mood.

The feeling that I had an outfit that could be beached in an emergency, rather than to have to attempt to ride out a storm as an alternative to making a perhaps distant harbor, was an unfailing reassurance from first to last.

Passing Fox Point, 15 miles north of Milwaukee, the dark sage-green depths of the waters under the bow paled through olive to glittering jade before a flutter of golden-brown light motes revealed that the sun was striking through to the sand and rocks of a rapidly shoaling bottom. Sheering sharply off until the liquid color symphony began to run the reverse of the scale toward the deeper green of ample depth, I headed back to the Port Washington course again. This maneuver was repeated twice or thrice in the next ten miles, where slender knifelike shoals stabbed lakeward for a mile or more from the shore.

The shallowest of these had water enough and to spare for a craft of my draught, but there had not yet been a chance to study the chart and be sure. I had also been warned that the lowering of the lake level by the Chicago Drainage Canal made it necessary to deduct

from two to three feet from the last charted soundings, so I was not bent on taking chances in any event.

As a matter of fact, there are few if any shoals between Chicago and Green Bay dangerous to a craft of less than three feet draught at over half a mile from the shore. Beyond the mouth of Green Bay, it is quite another story. For unexpected shoaling many miles from shore, even the coral claws of the Great Barrier Reef northeast of Australia are not more treacherous than the north coasts of Lake Michigan and Lake Huron, including Georgian Bay.

There is nothing more beautiful than the shifting colors thrown back through clear water from a shoaling bottom, but the ideal vantage from which to view it is an airplane or balloon rather than a scudding craft that is in danger of knocking off a propeller every time the color scale is keyed a note above dun-green. *That* took the poetry out of the thing even before I had bumped. After I had replaced sheared propeller pins all around the north end of Lake Huron, I was in a condition that set me pulling imaginary tiller ropes every time a yellow patch of paper caught the tail of my eye on the pavement of a city street.

A church spire pricked in dark silhouette against the sunset flush of the northwest was the first sign of Port Washington, then the loom of factories, with the dark blur of jetties running out from the shoreline. A fixed red light flashing out through the wine-dark shadows of the bluffs gave a heading for the end of the north pier guiding us into the entrance of the channel of the artificial Y-shaped harbor, just as the purple of twilight was deepening to the velvet of night. The last pop of the second filling of gasoline gave just way enough to slide the boat along to a mooring against the rotten log wall of the north basin. We had made the 30-mile run in a little under four hours, and on exactly two gallons of gasoline.

What we had taken to be a welcoming delegation of natives waiting on the jetty to receive us turned out to be a party of friends from Milwaukee who had motored over in the Evinrude car to bring some belated mail and, incidentally, a wonderfully appetizing supper basket. Leaving the boat in the care of a bunch of gamins who swore to defend it to their last breaths from a rival gang of pirates who rendezvoused in old coal hulk on the other side of the harbor, we kicked the cinders of the jetty

A view of Green Bay from Eagle Bluff.



from our feet and made an al fresco banquet on the grassy banks of a cold spring above the beach.

Our gang was still on guard when Tellander and I returned to the boat a couple of hours later. There is nothing like giving street gamins a job and putting them on their honor. I daresay this same little band of swash-bucklers would have looted our argosy from stem to stern had we tried to intimidate them with threats. As it was, they hung on till midnight, swapping yarns with us, and at dawn the next morning, two of them came back dragging an anchor and a roller which they claimed had been the spoils of a recent raid on the craft of their rivals. I declined the sprawling mud hook, but accepted the roller with gratitude. It stood me in good stead on several occasions of real need.

Sleeping on the bank beside our boat, we rolled out at daybreak and went over to the little town for breakfast. A distinct overnight change in weather conditions was apparent as soon as we came out on the lakefront. The sky overhead was still clear, but a brisk, steadily purring, purposeful little breeze from the southeast gave an unmistakable impression that it was going somewhere to equalize the pressure in a sizable hole in the atmosphere.

With no place at which a weather forecast could be obtained at that hour, we consulted the barometer in front of a local drug store, to find that the optimistic 29.55 of the previous evening was down 20 points and still dropping. Checking this with the notes under "Wind Barometer Indications" in the compact little handbook of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, we found a warning which seemed to fit the case in the following.

"When the wind sets in from points between south and southeast, and the barometer falls steadily, a storm is approaching from the west or northwest, and its center will pass near or north of the observer within 12 to 24 hours, with wind shifting to the northwest by way of southwest and west."

While the threat was far from tangible enough to seem to warrant remaining in port, there was plainly a day ahead in which it was going to be in order to keep a weather-eye lifting, especially along toward evening when whatever it was that was brewing up to the northwest began to boil over. Accordingly, we cast off at 7:00, determined to keep within easy reach of the beach all day.

Coast Guard practice.



A half hour's spell at the oars by way of warming up proved the boat's pulling qualities all that her fine lines promised. A few miles north of Port Washington we came to the first "pound" net, forming what appeared to be an impassable barrier reaching from near the beach for a mile or two into the lake. These nets are supported by lines run between piles and reach from the surface of the water to the bottom. This completely blocks the path of all fish entering the zone of the net, with the consequence that they finally work along into one of the series of traps or "pounds" from which they are lifted by the fishing boats. On account of the great cost of building and maintaining the nets, this is perhaps the most expensive form of fishing and is only warranted where sufficiently large catches are calculated to pay adequate returns on the investment.

Exploring the first net barrier under oars, we found, just outside of one of the "pounds," a place where the supporting rope was lowered sufficiently to allow the passage of the boat. We subsequently discovered that this opening was a regular feature, provided to facilitate the movements of the small craft of the fishermen in lifting a catch. By keeping careful watch, we soon learned how to shoot the boat through by shutting off the motor and tilting the propeller without recourse to the oars.

Slowed down materially by our zigzag course through the almost interminable series of nets, it was 11:00 before we headed into Sheboygan Harbor, 25 miles north of Port Washington. We could have saved time by lunching in the boat and pushing on ahead but, with the wind freshening and the clouds piling ominously in the northwest, it seemed wisest to run in for a word of advice from the Coast Guard station. Sheboygan Harbor is typical of practically every port along the open west coast of Lake Michigan.

The muddy estuary of a little river breaking through the bluffs determined the location, and the harbor, the earliest work upon which dates back over 50 years, was made by dredging a channel through the bar to the slough and protecting it with jetties. As the convenient logs from the then nearby forests were used for piers and jetties in the first instance, with repairs and replacements continuing to be made in the same perishable material, the works of all except the large terminal ports of Lake Michigan are far from modern.

The Coast Guard station, spotlessly white buildings in the midst of green lawns, is located near the inner end of the old north pier stub. The captain, who had already been advised from Milwaukee to be on the watch for our boat in one form or another, received us most kindly and appeared highly interested in the voyage. He had received a warning of "violent thunder squalls accompanied by high winds," but from his own observations was inclined to the opinion that the weight of the onslaught would be felt farther south. As we would be running away from the center of the disturbance, he thought we would be safe enough in pushing ahead, especially if we kept in close and made a point of landing in event the west began to look too black.

Knowing this was the advice of an old lake sailor, thoroughly familiar with the coast and the limitations of our craft, we had no hesitation in following it. The fact that he already knew something of Tellander's reputation as a small boat sailor doubtless had a good deal to do with the fact that the captain was ready to let us take the chance. Your average landsman, under similar circumstances, would have greatly exaggerated dangers of which he had no real comprehension and tried to frighten us into keeping port for a week.

After having lunch in Sheboygan, a prosperous lumbering and manufacturing town backed by rich agricultural country, we got underway again at 2:00, hoping to make a direct run to Two Rivers, where the next Coast Guard station was located. The most direct course took us from two to three miles offshore, and along this we bowled at a fine rate before the small but lively seas kicked up the freshening southeast wind. An occasional lop flipped over the starboard quarter, but considering her slight freeboard, the boat made excellent weather of it.

Toward 4:00, with the thunderheads starting to boil up purple-black from some devil's cauldron over beyond the western hills, I began to edge shoreward. Although the squalls were plainly working southeasterly in a way that promised to bring them to the lake some miles astern, I was too familiar with the trick of their South Pacific brethren of working back and springing an unexpected ambush to take too many chances. In spite of an apparent tendency to maneuver for a little surprise of this kind, the general direction of the storm continued just southerly enough to give us a comfortable berth.

But where it was breaking upon the coast, a few miles south of Sheboygan, the effect was positively cyclonic. Shot through and through with forked shafts of lightning, sinister cylinders of cloud rose above the amorphous mass of the driving storm like the turrets of a firing battleship. Mingled sunlight and lightning filtered through the churning clouds to cast lurid patches of glow, like the fumes from sulfur and molten copper, on wind-flattened forests that were only less black than the ebony waters of the lake.

But all that turmoil was miles astern of us. The only time we appeared to be actively threatened was when a wildly spinning whorl of murky nimbus, a sort of looting camp follower of the main army, flew off on a tangent from the parent mass and came charging down on us like a bull at a gate. That was just the sort of an attack we had been expecting and, already in slickers and sou'westers, we were making quick work of the scant 300 yards to a

clear loop of soft beach when the roaring *amok* succumbed to the southerly drive of the higher air currents and was hustled back into line. It missed us by a good quarter of a mile, with nothing but scurrying gusts of icy air and a spiteful spatter of hail to show what had been in pickle for us.

Inky clouds continued to boil up from behind the western hills all afternoon, but without driving close enough to our course to be more than potentially threatening. Not many miles to the south, however, it was plain that a storm of near-cyclonic intensity was raging. It was with no surprise, therefore, that we read in papers picked up the following day of very considerable destruction by hail and violent winds in Milwaukee, Racine, and the farming region to the west.

On the whole, in demonstrating how comparatively easy it was to get into a position to land before a storm became dangerous, the experience was as reassuring as exhilarating. As a matter of fact, it was just a bit too reassuring. A black, blustering storm that one can see coming ten miles away is only one of the 57 varieties of meteorological disturbances tucked away in the capacious weatherbag of the Great Lakes, to be loosed with careless impartiality upon the wary and unwary alike.

Our dodge shoreward had carried us well inside a shallow bay that must have once been the harbor of the little picture book hamlet, discovered as soon as the passing of the squall menace let us take our eyes off the heavens and bring them back to land and lake. Doubtless a live lumber port many years previously, the railroad and the steamers had passed it by, leaving it in a backwater behind the rotting piling of its once busy docks, just a straggle of apple and lilac bloom smothered houses along a grassy road running down to the beach.

Alluring as a drop curtain scene as we saw it in the transforming light of a calcium-like glow where the sun strained through the silver lining of a storm cloud, we were saved the disillusionment which must inevitably have followed a landing by the necessity of pushing on while the going was good.

Two little sirens in gingham, perched Lorelei-like with idle fish poles on the end of the battered pier, volunteered that the name of the dream village was Centerville. When we begged to know what it was the center of, they looked at us quite blankly, entirely at a loss for an answer. I have met the same surprised stare from the almond eyes of a Hangchow mandarin when I asked why they called China "The Middle Kingdom."

The pinnacle of unsophistication lies in fancying oneself in the heart of the great central Whorl of Things, also of hypersophistication. New Yorkers and Londoners are just a bit like the founders of Centerville and China in that respect.

But this particular brace of railbirds was emancipated, broadened by travel and contact with the world.

They had been to Manitowoc, all the way around the next point. Now that was a town for you, not like Centerville, which wasn't no kind of a place nohow, with no movies or nothin'. Now Manitowoc, we weren't bound for Manitowoc by any chance, were we? And would we mind...

Sensing the imminent descent of upwards of 200 pounds more of ill-stowable ballast into

my overloaded boat, I spun the flywheel with hard flipped wrist and put a broadening wake of bubbles between our stern and danger. It has never been recorded what was said by the sirens of old when the triple-banked oars of a galley backed water and slid away out of danger. All this pair said was, "'Fraidy cat! 'Fraidy cat," many times repeated. They were quite right, too. I doubt if the night-yodeling ladies of Scylla and Charybdis ever taunted in better point.

The thunder squalls were still going over the top in their charges from the western hills as we ran on north before the freshening southeasterly wind. As the deep bay leading into Manitowoc opened up, we had to decide between following the coast line or standing straight on across to Two Rivers as originally planned. With the west still full of dynamite, the former would have been the safer and more sensible course.

It was the chance of spending the night at a Coast Guard station and being five miles farther along in the morning that decided in favor of the direct run to Two Rivers. It was just the sort of thing that Captain Kincaide had warned against doing in unsettled weather, and it was largely fool's luck that there was no penalty to pay.

The breeze augmented considerably in force as we stood out across the bay, and in an astonishingly short space of time had rolled up seas of real weight and bulk. The boat rose buoyantly to the lift of them, but from the troughs their sizzling white crests loomed several feet above our heads. None of them was quite able to put green water over the stern, though time and again they burned their noses on the hot cylinders of the motor in their eager attempts.

The boat yawed wildly before the quartering seas so that holding to anything like a straight course became a difficult task. I was unfeignedly glad when we drove in past the breakwater light and ran on in quiet water to the Coast Guard station at the inner end of the north pier.

The captain of the station, saying that the forecast was for a heavy storm during the night, had our boat lifted out on the slip and a place cleared for us to sleep in the boathouse. After dinner and a walk about the low lying but picturesque little town, we returned to the station, where we sat up to a late hour while the man on watch told yarns of his years of service on the stormy north coast.

There was less comfort in these recitals than I would have liked. According to the weather-beaten old veteran, the whole north coast was a wilderness, with the shore rocky and shoal beset, and with no inhabitants but a few fishermen. I was a bit cheered when it finally transpired that he had never really been there. I was soon to learn, however, that the altogether forbidding picture was by no means an exaggerated one.

(To Be Continued)

We Buy Canoes

Wood/Canvas * Wood/Fiberglass
Birchbark

Any Condition * Highest Prices Paid
Howard's (508) 768-7282



ALDEN OCEAN SHELL & STAR
APPLEDORE POD
MAAS AERO & 24
TRINKA 8, 10 & 12 DINGHIES
EASTERN 18 COMMERCIAL OB
BRIDGES POINT 24
THULE RACKS
ROWING INSTRUCTION
55 Spicer Ave. Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930



**COLUMBIA
TRADING
COMPANY**

NAUTICAL BOOKS

New, Used & Out-of-Print Free Catalog
Subscription

(508) 778-2929

FAX (508) 778-2922 Major Credit Cards

1 Barnstable Road, Hyannis
Cape Cod, MA 02601 U.S.A.

Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety and value. Wing's Touring Shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe in open water. Cartop it anywhere. Touring Shell with one Piantadosi RoWing - \$2,035, Touring Shell as single kayak - \$1,675. Order directly for free shipping. Or call for more information and dealers.

Wing Systems

P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2656 Collect

The place where I grew up has a bunch of ponds scattered all around, and we kept some kind of old boat or other in each one of them. Usually those boats were the everlasting, immobile, flat-bottomed, cypress style that stayed in the water and full of water and skeeter wigglers all the time. Sometimes somebody would want to use one bad enough to dip the water out and pull the willow trees out of the cracks in the bottom, but most of the time they stayed right where they were and we fished off the bank.

Usually I was the one who went to all the trouble to make one of the old boats move, because I wasn't patient enough to sit in the same place, watch my cork, and wait for the fish to come to me. I could see them out there roiling the water outside of casting range, and I deluded myself that if I could just get out there I could catch them. Getting ready to go was always so much trouble that by the time I got straightened out, the fish had gotten tired of waiting and gone on over there where the bank fishermen were to get caught.

Not only were there all these ponds, but back at the back of the old place there was a respectable river, one of those meandering kind with cutoff sloughs full of fish and ducks all through the woods down there. The habits of the river made it so we couldn't keep a boat back there for long. I yearned for a little lightweight boat that I could carry all by myself from one little hole of water to another, and even the main river when it was navigable.

This was back in the days of the wood canvas canoe, and some of our Yankee cousins brought them down. They were fun while they lasted, but they didn't last very long in these conditions. The water that got between the canvas and the slats never got a chance to dry out in this humidity, and they would grow a crop of mushrooms after about one season unless they were carefully dried out in the loft of the barn every time they got wet, and such maintenance is not in the nature of my family. When gas got rationed during World War II, they stopped bringing them down anyway, so I took the roof off my uncle's chicken house operation that he abandoned when he went off to fight and made me a tin canoe.

You wouldn't think that the jackleg efforts of a filthy dirty, poorly supervised child would turn out to be worth a flip, but even now that I am a serious (well) professional boatbuilder with almost 40 years in the business, I seldom build a boat that turns out much better than those tin canoes.

The first tin canoes were primitive. They were satisfactory alright, but they needed improvement. I remember the launching of the very first one as if it just happened yesterday. I think it was 16' long and I know it was made of one sheet of what they call "five 'V' crimp" roofing tin meant to span two feet on the roof of something like a chicken house. I bent the ends of the tin up and nailed it onto two rough cypress 2x4 stems sticking up almost vertical. Though it was caulked with regular, never get hard, roofing tar, it leaked not only around the stems, but up through the holes where the nails used to be when the tin was still on the chicken house along the center crimp that became the keel.

The tar over the nail holes transferred itself to my skin when I was in the boat and earned me one of my early nicknames, "Spotty." The boat, though, was light and easy to drag by the stem through the bushes. The

The Tin Canoe Of World War II

By Robb White

galvanize seemed to lubricate its bottom (a fact exploited by the airboat builders around here for years until the invention of high-tech), and it slid over the grass and pond weeds like they weren't even there. I couldn't wait to get in. It took a few tries.

You had to be careful. The narrow tin made the balance between beam and freeboard real tricky. If you made it too narrow, it was so tippy that you couldn't get settled before it turned over, and if you made it too wide, it wouldn't have enough freeboard and would sink quickly to the bottom so that soon the only thing that would be sticking up out of the water would be me and the two stems. I was the one in the middle with the hat.

When I finally managed to get in and push off, I knew I had something. The tin canoe moved through the water like a snake. Just paddling with my hands would make it sizzle across the pond. I had to be very careful not to cut myself on the sharp edges of the tin and to keep track of the bilge water situation, but luckily the first pond was one of the shallow ones and I didn't lose my boat before I trained myself. I was obsessed. The abandoned chicken house had enough tin to make a big fleet of tin canoes, and I instantly set to improve the model. About the time all the men came home from World War II and stopped all those women from spoiling me, I had evolved the tin canoe into a mighty fine boat.

Initial assembly: The highly evolved "five 'V' crimp" tin canoe is built like this. You need a 16' sheet of tin. Short tin might seem, at first, to be more workable, but we are messing around on the fringes of possible here and 12' or 14' of tin won't keep you out of the water quite as long as 16' will. After you get your tin home (that stuff will slide out of a pickup now and blow off a car, too), the first thing you do is wash it with strong detergent to get the oil off, then fold it down the middle like a piece of paper. Don't crimp it along the center crimp too bad, just enough to get the tin to come together at the stems.

Put some 3M 5200 or some other polyurethane adhesive sealant on a 1x2 and screw the tin to it with short stainless steel flathead screws. See if you can drive the screws in so they bend the tin into a countersunk place so the heads will be sort of flush. It helps to pre-do-it with strong hardened black steel screws that won't wring off before they get flush. I know it is a lot of trouble, but this is a high performance boat, you got to do it right. Don't cut yourself.

Stomping in the hull shape. This is the tricky part. If you think you have enough screws in both ends, you can go ahead right away and not wait the long time for that polyurethane to set up. My patience hasn't completely developed yet, so I tell myself that it is best if the caulking is still sticky. That way, it will be able to follow the distortion of the tin as the hull is shaped.

Start stomping right in the middle. Bare feet, very gritty, are best, but soft tennis shoes might work OK. Gradually stomp all the deadrise out of the tin in the center of the boat

and work it forward and aft by walking and stomping. It is best to do this on soft ground, like a nice fluffy lawn. Do it in the back yard so you won't attract too much attention. Try to avoid places with big rocks, roots, or hickory nuts. Stomp accurately. Try not to let the edges that will become the gunwales get crimped too bad. Don't worry about little dents.

Soon you will notice that the bottom of the boat is assuming a hogged shape and that the two stems are lower than the place you are stomping. Don't worry about it. I read an article in *Messing About* that said that this is beneficial to performance. A long time ago, when I was brazing these tin canoes together, completely unaware that the zinc vapors from the galvanize were deadly, I used to cut a dart fore and aft along the keel to eliminate this hog that I thought was so ugly. Now I know better. It keeps the waterline length long all the time. You might have to look for a little hill to move the stomping operation to, so the lay of the land won't interfere with the hogging of the bottom.

As you pull the sides up and continue stomping a beautiful roundness into the turn of the bilge and the bottom, you will notice that the two stems are beginning to tumble home back toward you. I used to try to trim the ends of the tin to avoid this back when I was letting imaginary aesthetics override my better judgment. That tumblehome increases waterline length and looks good to me. At the final stages of stomping, it is hard to keep from crimping the "sheer strake." Just try to keep from fatiguing the metal by crimping the same place over and over. It takes experience. Don't let yourself get frustrated.

Finishing touches. Finally, you will have stomped and pulled a nice lovely shape into the boat, but it will be too limber and dangerous along the gunwales. A piece of quarter round screwed into the top "V" will cure that. No need for any 5200 (called "doo-get-around" in the trade) or even the ritual with the two kinds of flathead screws. Just use regular little sheet metal screws and pre-drill a little. After you get through with that, spring for some of that black plastic pipe that used to be so common. Put it out in the yard in the hot sun until it gets soft enough to cut with a sharp linoleum knife.

Lubricate the blade by dipping it into a jar of diesel fuel and rip that pipe full length all down one side. When the plastic starts pulling on the knife, dip it again. Don't cut yourself. While the pipe is still hot, slip it over the quarter round and tin of the gunwales. I don't know what your experience is, but in mine, that makes the best rub rail in the world, not just for tin canoes, but for any yacht tender. It is indestructible, cheap, and won't do any more damage to the paint (or gelcoat) of a yacht than anything else. It is sort of eye catching on a tin canoe. It is possible to delude folks into thinking you got something if you paddle away real quick before they get a chance to examine it too closely.

Adjustment. This is a borderline vessel. The freeboard-beam ratio I mentioned above might need to be re-stomped a little to suit the user. Fortunately, it can usually be done right there at pond side. There is one thing you ought to know, though. If your ass is much wider than 10 inches (compressed) there ain't going to be a whole hell of a lot that you can do.

Performance. You are going to be in for a surprise. I know that a lot of you think that I

have been teasing all along with the tin canoe foolishness, but I'm serious. I have been in a lot of small fast paddling boats, but there is nothing like a tin canoe. I don't know if it is the galvanized surface, the hog of the bottom, or the shape that the sheet metal dictates, or what, but it will fly. Even just paddling with your hands, the speed is astonishing. Weeds and lily pads don't seem to affect it at all. It just zips through the water.

A double paddle helps keep it upright and makes it so that you can almost turn the thing a little but you don't need it. That not turning is one drawback, along with the tippiness and the half inch of freeboard, but you expect that in a boat like this. When you hook a fish in one of those things, you have to work it a little

differently. First, you have to be real careful not to get too excited or else you will either turn over or sink from not paying attention. The second thing is that, if there is any size to the fish at all, it is hard to tell who has whom. If the fish is anything but absolutely broadside to, the boat will zip off in a tack that is oblique to the line of pull and, in obedience of the Newton Laws of Motion, will continue like that until something stops it.

It will pass right by the fish and go on off in the same direction until the pull of the line finally stops it and reverses it, then it will zip backwards and either pass him again or cut him loose on the sharp tin stem (now stern) or hang the line on some weeds or a snag. If the fish is dead ahead when he gets hooked, he

will just take you home with him. It is an adventure. It puts the fish on more of an even footing than when he is caught from a high tech metal flaked monster bass boat. If you are trying to use a fly rod, I think it is about an even contest or maybe even favors the fish a little, if he could just figure out a way to take you home and eat you after he gets you in the water.

One last thing. You don't want to litter the bottom of any body of water with old tin canoes. You need to tie a crab trap float to one of the stems with enough line so you can find it and swim the boat back to the bank to dump the water out. Doing that will test that 10" butt, too.

Open-Water Rowing

The newsletter for those
who row open water

Send US\$20/year (8 issues), US\$26 (US funds) foreign

Open-Water Rowing
26 Coddington Wharf
Newport, RI 02840

Row your boat the easy way...

facing forward and
using your legs.

Free
brochure



Aquamotion Systems
Dept. mab
30 Cutler Street
Warren, RI 02885

Video tape
\$15 (refundable)

Phone 401-247-1482

Free Catalog

Books, Art and Accessories
on the Sport of Rowing.



1-800-626-1535

P.O. Box 368, Eliot ME 03903

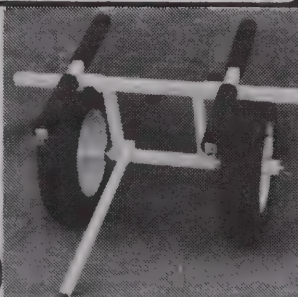
<http://www.rowonline.com/rowbooks/>

All Terrain Boat Dolly

- Try it free for 30 days
- 16" Balloon Tires
- Narrow Track
- Super Sturdy
- Guaranteed
- Packs Flat
- Built to Last

MC/Visa
\$149.95
Plus S&H

Call
for
Info 1-800-466-3131



A & B Industries, Inc. 9233 N. 12th Ave. Phoenix, Az. 85021

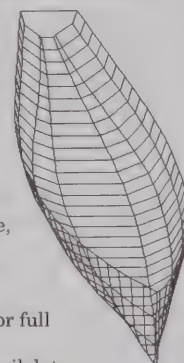
PLYBOATS® 2.01

Software for the design of small boats
State of the Art Timesaver for Professional or Amateur

Complete Unit Flexibility

Metric, Decimal Inches or Feet-Inch-Eighths

- Fast Sketch technique utilizes the equations of bent draftsman's splines. Curves are always precisely fair. No fairing procedures required.
- Calculates Displacement, heeling-righting moments. Displaced area centroid analysis provides insight into hull drag.
- Develop Sail Plan using two masts, 20 sail types and jib. Shows Plan center of effort. Sail lead of Sail Center of effort vs. Hull Lateral area.
- Flat panel layout for plywood stitch and glue, welded steel or aluminum.
- Isometric views, with vanishing point, wire frame and solid views.
- Model scaling: Provides all detail for model or full scale building.
- Print out all graphics, offsets, design table, sail data, coefficients, etc.
- Export to CAD; 2D views, 3D view, sail plan and/or plywood layout.
- 116 page 8 1/2" x 11" bound manual; over 80 example designs on disk.



RAY CLARK ENTERPRISES

7071 Warner Ave., #F, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
Fax or phone (714) 840-7284 • E-mail plyboats@ido.net
More detail at Website: <http://www.plyboats.com>
VISA, MASTERCARD, AMERICAN EXPRESS
\$145.00 plus S&H (CA residents include tax)
S&H: US \$5.50, Canada \$8.00, others \$12.00

A few years ago I wrote an article for *Messing About in Boats* in which I said the balanced lug sail I tried was not weatherly, flew all over the place on raising and lowering and was generally unsatisfactory. My trial platform was a Bolger Tortoise hull and I wound up using the lateen rig that Phil had designed for the boat.

Then I built a Piccup Pram designed by Jim Michalak and I tried out the lateen rig on it. The yard was quite a bit longer than the boat and reefing wasn't very satisfactory so I returned to the balanced lug rig Jim designed for it. I still didn't have much luck with it going to weather and it did fly around a lot. Jim said that he had originally conceived the boat with a leg-o-mutton rig so I tried that. Wow, did it go to windward well! I flew around the harbor. It also had a great lever arm of a mast to heel the boat over and at Channel Islands Harbor in California, where I live, we have lots of wind. I hadn't had good luck with reefing the sail when it was on my Bolger Brick and was frustrated here as well. The center of effort moving forward gave the boat lee helm.

Next I tried re-sizing the main and adding a mizzen so that it was a cat yawl. This worked pretty well. The heeling moment was reduced. Reefing the main didn't move the center of effort of the rig forward enough to throw the balance off. With the wind forward of abeam I could get the boat to self steer, just like Phil Bolger had promised. Dropping the mainsail would weather-cock the boat with the bow facing wind and sea. This was reassuring; although in this configuration the boat does move aft at a pretty good rate. I thought it looked neat, although, two masts on a 12' boat was a bit much. By this time I had added a pointed bow similar to (but not as well designed as) Jim's Mixer design.

I tried all kinds of sail combinations, i.e. lug main, lug mizzen; leg-o-mutton main, battened mizzen; etc., and generally had a grand old time experimenting. My neighbors would ask, "Making another sail?" and I would reply, "Yes, I haven't tried anything new this week." Luckily poly tarps are cheap.

After a year, or so, I wanted to just sail the boat more and build less. I also just wanted a single mast and sail. I cut and tried a gaff rig and it performed really well. Unless I was willing to move the mast step forward I was limited to a sail that was only 60% of the designed area. Phil Bolger had written that a balanced lug sail, properly cut, could be weatherly. I resolved to see if I could make the rig Jim had originally designed for the boat work.

Throughout all of my experimentation I was corresponding with Jim Michalak. He was helpful and patient as I wreaked havoc on his original sail plan and hull design. In exchanging ideas we developed a friendship that I really enjoy.

I didn't have much luck getting a good shape to the lug sail by just curving the edges that attach to spars. Maybe the weight of the rig stretched out the poly fabric. The resultant shape was always too flat. Adding false broadseams (darts) was, I found out, the most promising shaping technique. I built a balanced lug sail as though I were building a straight luffed gaff sail. I put in false broadseams every 18" along the luff

The Shapely Lugsail

By Reed V. Smith



and head of the sail, where they would be if I were using narrow panels of sailcloth instead of poly tarp.

The original sail was hung by the halyard toward the forward end of the yard, resulting in enormous stress along the luff and flattening of the luff in this area. I added a downhaul from the forward end of the yard to the base of the mast to relieve this stress. These days Jim places the halyard attachment further aft along the yard and has simplified the false broadseam approach down to two of them, one at the tack and one at the throat.

It all works very well. Now I could make it out of the harbor in two tacks. The boat will tack through 90 degrees but does a lot better at 100 degrees. At 90 degrees leeway sometimes develops resulting in a track of 110 degrees through the water. Using a GPS I found that I could regularly go 3 knots to weather and 4 knots off the wind. (I have hit 5 knots being pushed along by the ocean swell). Boat speed drops off when pointing too high. Bringing the boom in closer than 10 degrees can really kill off the drive. There is some twist in the upper portion of the sail, but I think it is much less than a standing lug rig.



Going to weather showing limited twist of sail.

Jim Michalak designs his boat with a fixed leeboard on one side of the boat. Some well known designers have written that leeboards don't work. Maybe two leeboards work better than one and maybe a centerboard works even better. I do know that my leeboard works very well. Boat speed seems better when the board is on the lee side, but I can't prove that one except by feel.

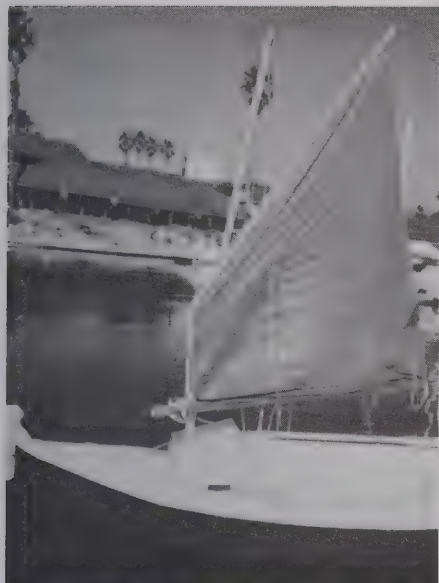
The low center of effort reduces heeling significantly. After sailing the boat long enough I discovered that the hull develops tremendous stability when heeled over and I can wait longer to reef the sail. However I still needed a good reefing system. First of all I added lazy jacks to the rig. Without them the sail is only attached to the mast at the downhaul and, when the sail is fully raised, by the halyard. In between fully raised and completely down can be exciting in a stiff breeze. With lazy jacks I could lower the sail under control and tie in a reef.

Since when a reef is needed it feels really vulnerable to not have the boat moving and the rig down, I wanted a quick reefing technique. I added slab reefing. This consists of small lines running through the reef cringles and through cheek blocks to jamb cleats on the boom just aft of the mast. Now to reef I let the sail out until it luffs. With the helm amidships, the boat will slowly drift abeam of the wind.

For the first reef I lower the halyard enough to just be able to pull down the reefing pennant until the cringle is snug on the boom. Then I pull on the pennant for the leach cringle enough to tighten the sail along the new foot. Slight looseness here (1"- 2") can help keep shape in the reefed sail. The bunt of the sail is held along the boom by the lazy jacks without the need to tie in reef points. I can stop, reef and be sailing again in less than one minute.

With this system I could choose where along the boom the reefed sail is located by just moving the cheek blocks back and forth, as long as the distance between them is more than the distance between the leach and luff cringles for that reef. Phil Bolger mentions this as a way to shorten the boom so it won't dip into waves when heeled. Since on this boat that doesn't seem to be a high risk, I used the idea to keep the center of effort in the reduced sail area over the center of the full sail area. It is very useful to offset the tendency of the center to move forward in response to reefing a sail with a sloped leach, like my current sail. By bringing the reef cringles for the second and third reefs down to the boom about 10' aft of the front of the boom, the sail plan stays in balance. A big benefit of not having the sail attached to a mast along the luff or, as in the case of the standing lug, at the gooseneck.

Yes, I did mention a third reef. Like I said, we get plenty of wind here. With the third reef the rig is really a lateen. I can sail in the harbor in 25 knots of wind. I usually have the place to myself as most sane sailors are ashore. Two weeks ago, however, I was comfortably sailing in those conditions when I was joined by a Hobie Cruising 21 with three big men on it and a Laser 2 with a very athletic, very wet, couple on it. The Laser was planing everywhere having a ball. The Hobie was practically airborne. In fact the weather hull did get airborne and a gust sent them over. Even with the harbor pa-



Second reef tied in showing how the sail is positioned aft along the boom to maintain the balance.



Detail of Reefing System.

trol's assistance they were not able to get the boat righted and had to be towed sideways to the harbor office dock. I enjoyed being dry and stable. Hmmm, does that mean I'm getting old?

I tried letting the sail go all the way forward when off the wind. It slowed the boat down to a crawl, but I felt a little nervous having the sail out of control way out in front. As soon as I started to pull the sail back in I was at hull speed instantly and the full force of the wind caught the sail. I also tried lifting the rudder blade to shift the center of lateral plane forward. This gives the boat so much weather helm that it weather cocks, keeping the bow to the wind. This method only worked when the air was light and all way was off the boat. In higher winds the boat tended to oscillate back and forth from one tack to the other. Exciting, but I think I'll pass on these ways of stopping. Just letting the sail luff to one side can give a slow drift with a gentle motion.

Picking my days, I sail the boat outside on the real ocean. I sailed to Ventura Harbor,

six miles north of here and back. It was along an open coast with a 6' swell rolling. The wind, uncharacteristically, was light, at one point dying out entirely. I rowed for about a mile until the breeze picked up again. With classical music on the radio and a good lunch along, the boat and I had an enjoyable day of it.

Even on a light air day the motion of a 120lb boat is quick. On getting home to the sailboat I live on I kept thinking that there must be lots of passing powerboats rocking my home. Then I went to the grocery store and it was rocking. Twelve miles in a dinghy affected my balance in a way that would take several days in my 27' sailboat. A small price for a day that was a lot more fun than the same distance would have been in the big boat.

In the shapely balanced lug I have a rig that is reasonably weatherly, as fast as I could want off the wind, stable and well mannered when reefing or striking. And it looks good enough to overcome it's poly tarp origins.

Snugged down with the second reef.



FIBERGLASS REPLICA CLASSIC SAILBOATS

RAINBOW

12' Cape Cod Catboat

LOA - 12'4"
Beam - 6'2"
SA - 100sf
Displ. 440lbs

Construction

Fiberglass Hull & Deck
Varnished Oak Trim
Bronze Hardware
Wooden Spars

NEW!

Compass

CLASSIC CAT

14' Classic Half-Decked Catboat
Dealer Inquiries Invited

COMPASS CLASSIC YACHTS, INC.

Box 143, S. Orleans, MA 02662 * (508) 255-5187, (508) 240-1032
(Shop @ 80 Rayber Rd., Orleans, MA)

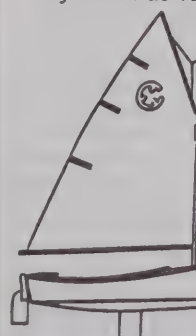
BAYBIRD

18' Gaff Sloop

LOA 18'0"
Beam - 5'6"
SA - 145sf
LWL- 16'
Draft 0'8"

The Picnic Cat

by Com-Pac Yachts



14' length overall
6'6" beam
draft: 6" board up
32" board down
Displacement 500lbs
109 sq ft sail area

COMPAC

16'-19'-23'

SUNFISH - ZUMA

FERNALD'S MARINE

On the River Parker
Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951
(978) 465-0312



Bolger on Design

Rowing Sailing Tender

"June Bug"

14'0" x 3'3"

"June Bug" was designed as a home mooring tender for an auxiliary cruising boat. The wish list called for:

1. A short step from the bottom of the tender to the first step of a boarding ladder (the boat replaced a dory with a flared side that forced a long step).
2. Enough stability to step on the gunwale without capsizing the boat (again due to experience with the dory!).
3. Respectable rowing speed with up to a 400lb load.
4. Reasonably safe smooth water over-load capacity of 1,000lbs.
5. Stripped weight under 100lbs.
6. Positive buoyancy at least 400lbs.
7. Capability to launch vertically from a high deck or wharf, dangling from the bow painter, without flooding.
8. Bottom (glass sheathed!!) to stand dragging on gravel beaches and paved ramps, and to drag easily.

The wish list did not include being quick or cheap to build, but the sheet plywood box boat, which is quick and cheap to the point of being disposable, is the only way to meet the wish list, especially the stability characteristics. It takes an effort to think of a way of making it more expensive without degrading it in some way. The boat

might benefit by a complex shape of the forward sides that would give her more buoyancy in the upper part of the bow while retaining the sharp ended bottom. This would call for cold molding or clinker plywood to accomplish without adding weight, and it would make it harder to nose her into a crowded dinghy park or to place on deck. The narrow wall-sided bow is handy for both these situations.

The sailing rig was an afterthought. It can be stripped off her quickly, leaving only the leeboard brackets, rudder gudgeons, and mast step to add weight and clutter to the pulling boat. The boat is a spirited sailer if crew weight is kept well amidships. She does not give away much, if any, performance to anything short of racing machines. We ordered one from Larry Dahlmer for an experiment with two dipping lugs, one on each side with one sail lowered and the other raised as she went through stays. With a two man crew she tacked as easily and quickly, and lost no more headway, than a sloop with a boomless jib. She was very fast and close winded with this rig, and its low height and

the ability to get sail, mast and all down inside the boat almost instantly and without moving far forward or up high in the boat, was a comfort in squally weather.

We've designed 247 boats since "June Bug", including a variety of pulling boats and tenders, but have still not improved on her much for her designed purpose. We continue to make space for these boats in designing the deck layouts of cruising boats; two of them in a recent 50 footer. Conrad Natzio in England built some boats to this design with a high yacht finish; these did not look out of place next to some very expensive vessels. One of these days we'll get around to adding a modification with the leeboard and rudder blade pivoting so they can be sailed as well as rowed onto a beach.

The one weakness of "June Bug", though, is towing. A bow of this shape is prone to yaw if the forefoot cuts the water, as can happen in a following sea or if it slews into the quarter wave of the towing boat. In the next issue we'll show a new design for a tender for which good towing behaviour was emphasized.

"June Bug" plans, four 17"x 22" sheets, are available for \$75 to build one boat.

Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.

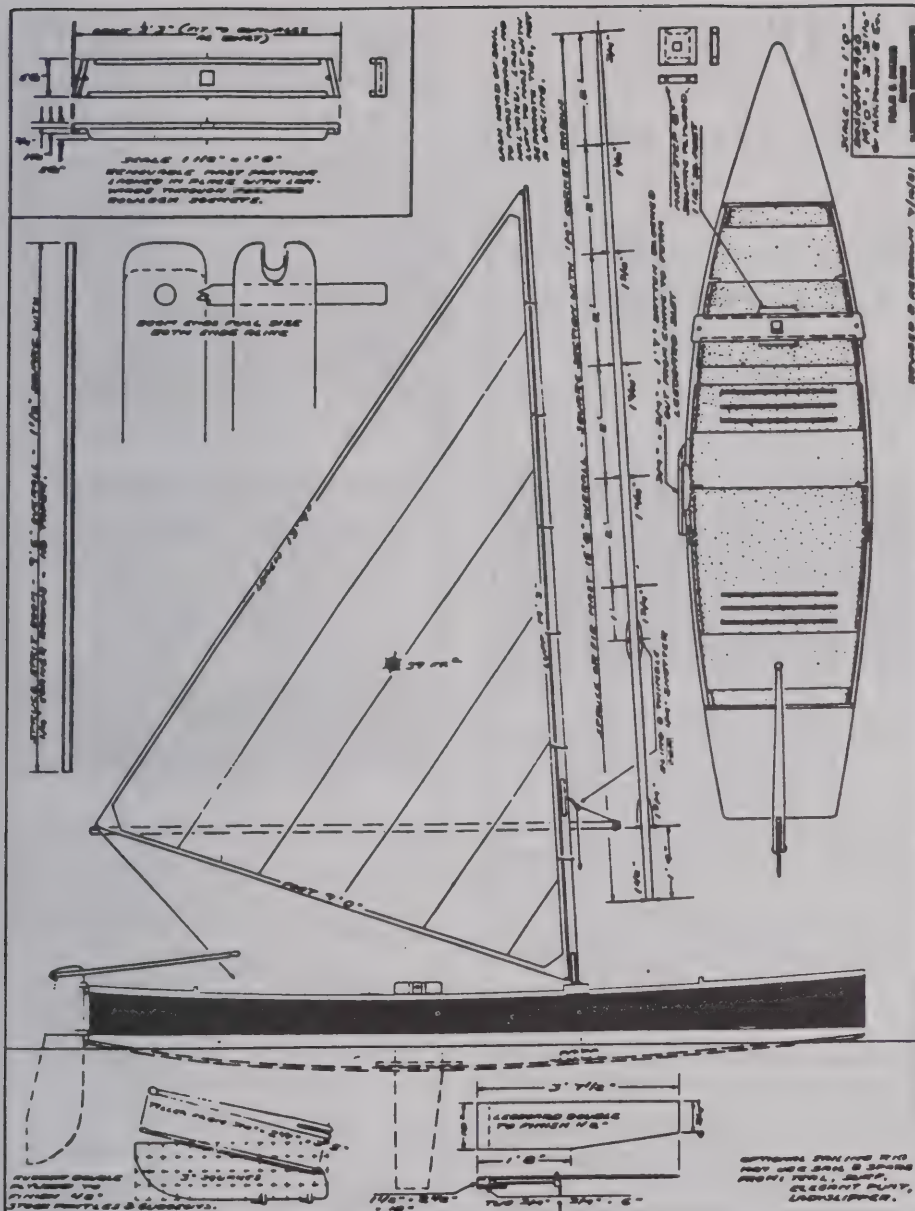
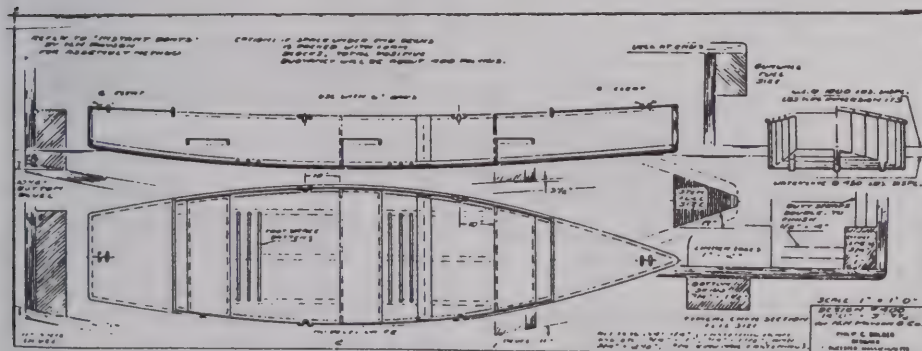


Photo Opposite: "June Bug" with an experimental dipping lug rig using separate sails for port and starboard tacks. Note portside sail and yard showing above gunwale. Worked fine, but not single handed. Dave Montgomery is handling the sails.



SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS

SKIPJACK
\$31.95

COASTER
\$36.95

DRAKETAILED
\$26.95

MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

RUBBER BAND & SAIL POWERED KITS

PRE-SHAPED & DRILLED PARTS
BRASS, COPPER & STAINLESS HARDWARE

GREAT FUN IN POOL POND OR SEA • ORDER YOURS TODAY

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted

Other Kits & Plans Available, Catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS

Dept. M, P.O. Box 2863

Prince Frederick, MD 20678, USA

Visit our Home Page at: <http://www.azinet.com/seaw.html>

SOLID COMFORT BOATS

Sailing Cruising Canoes
Sea Touring Kayaks
Anglers Sampans



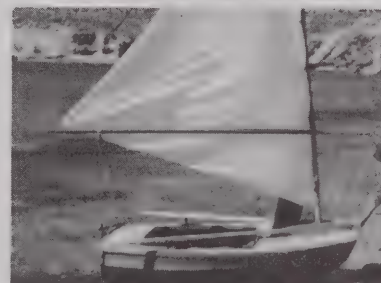
HUGH HORTON SMALL BOATS

29474 Old North River Rd.

Mt. Clemens, MI 48045

(810) 468-6456

WEE PUNKIN



"Wee Punkin" has traditional good looks, is fun to build from inexpensive materials, and her performance will delight you. Innovative foam core deck and ample flotation make her extra safe and comfortable. She is ideal for children if they can get her away from dad. Truly a breakthrough in small boat design. Hit of the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. No lofting. Plans with full size station patterns and detailed instructions \$36. SASE for more info.

GRAND MESA BOATWORKS

Rt. 1 Box 75, Collbran, CO 81624

Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

Custom Small Boats



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(508) 462-7409

CUSTOM BOATS & YACHTS

Since 1970
Wood/Epoxy Construction to 55'
Damian McLaughlin Jr. Corp.
North Falmouth, MA 02556
(508) 563-3075

Burt's Canoes

Traditional Wood/Canvas Canoes

BURT LIBBY Rt. 1 Box 1090
(207) 268-4802 Litchfield, ME 04350

ROBB WHITE & SONS

Eyeball built, tough, light, seaworthy small boats since 1961
Like a lapstrake rowboat 16x5x105#
P.O. Box 561
Thomasville, GA 31799
912 226 2524

Builders & Restorers

Reproduction of Charles Lawton 10' Yacht Tender

Cedar on Oak
Designed by Charles Lawton of Marblehead, MA, ca 1890. Built: C. Stickney, Boatbuilders Ltd. 1997



C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.
P.O. Box 1146, St. George, ME 04857
(207) 372-8543
email: stickney@midcoast.com
Wooden Boat Construction & Repair

(607) 547-2658
Tom Krieg's Boat Shop
(At 6 Mile Point on West Lake Rd.)
P.O. Box 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NY 13326
Woodenboat Restoration & Rigging

CLUBHOUSE BOATWORKS
217 S. River Clubhouse Rd.
Harwood, MD 20776
(410) 798-5356



BEAUTIFUL CUSTOM WOOD
skiffs, prams, lapstrakes and rowing boats. Dinghy repair and restoration, inlays, line splicing, varnishing, wood-working and model building.

SUTHERLAND BOAT & COACH
4th Generation Boat Builder
Builds & Restores
Wooden Sail/Row Boats
Motor Launches & "Woodie" Wagons



416-1/2 W. Lake Rd.
Hammondsport, NY 14840-9603
(607) 868-3993


CUSTOM BOATBUILDING & RESTORATION



Small Craft * Power & Sail * Wood & Glass
860-350-5170
143 West St. New Milford, CT 06776

AREY'S POND
Cape Cod's
Sailing Headquarters
& Wooden Boat Center
Established 1945

**Proud Builders Of
Arey's Pond Catboats**



"LYNX"

**Built in Your Choice
Wood or Fiberglass**
12' Kitten - 14' Cat
16' Lynx - 20' Cruising Cat
WOODEN BOATS
Built, repaired, restored by boatbuilders using traditional methods.

Expanded Used Sailboat Department

Box 222, 43 Arey's Ln. (Off Rt. 28)
So. Orleans, MA 02662
(508) 255-0994
<http://www.by-the-sea.com/areyspondboatyard>
E-mail: catboat@cape.com

O'CONNELL'S WOODEN BOATS



*Dedicated to the Creation
and Preservation of
Vintage Wooden Watercraft,
on the eastern shore of the
Chesapeake Bay.*

Marc Barto • 12319 Coopers Lane
P.O. Box 611 • Chestertown, MD 21620
• (410) 778-3213 FAX (410) 778-8138



**TRADITIONAL WOODEN
BOATBUILDING
REPAIRS & RESTORATIONS**

ROB BARKER
615 Moyers Ln., Easton, PA 18042
Phone/Fax (610) 253-9210



THE ADIRONDACK GUIDE-BOAT

by the
Indian Point Guideboat Company
732 Midland Avenue, Midland, PA 15059
412-643 / 5457 643/6001
Gardner Callanen, boatbuilder

We have the world's largest selection of new Guide-boats and historically correct accessories available from any source. Dozens of models, in lengths of 10' to 18 1/2', construction materials range from traditional wood to the state of the art bi-axial kevlar. We offer reproduction oars, hardware, yokes, paddles and accessories. All of our fiberglass boat hulls are exactly reproduced from original antiques for the best rowing performance and authenticity. Our new 16' "Lonesome Bay Boat" is a modern materials version of a 1912 "Old Town Double Ended Boat" See our new "Video Magazine" III

William Clements Boat Builder

NEW BUILDING RESTORATIONS

Traditional Lap-Strake - Glued-Lap Plywood - Cold Molded

BUILDING & RESTORATION SUPPLIES

Distributor For

Target Waterborne Marine Finishes
Matrix Adhesive System Epoxy

Free materials catalog

Boat photos & specs \$3.00



P.O. Box 87B
No. Billerica, MA 01862-0087
Telephone (508) 663-3103

Shoestring Shipyard



"everyone needs a little dinghy..."

**We are designers, boat
builders, and purveyors
of boat plans, kits, and
lots more!**

The 1998 Shoestring Shipyard
catalog will be available soon.
Please contact us for a copy.

**Check out our website
www.shoestringshipyard.com
for some very cool pages to
explore.**

Call us for estimates and price
quotes to build your boat.

Shoestring Wear

Shoestring Shipyard tees are
100% heavyweight cotton,
vintage pigment-dyed tees,
printed with the popular
Shoestring logo (top).
Available in Chambray, Moss,
Salmon, and Lt. Orchid.

Sizes L, XL: \$15.00

Size XXL: \$17.00

To each order add \$3.00 for
shipping. Make check payable
to: Shoestring Shipyard.

171 Williston Road
PO Box 117 - Dept. MB
Sagamore Beach, MA 02562
PH: 508-888-7960
FAX: 508-888-3419
info@shoestringshipyard.com
www.shoestringshipyard.com

CUSTOM SMALL CRAFT

Since 1981
Specializing in St. Lawrence Skiffs



QUARRIER BOATS

P.O. Box 125, Alstead, NH 03602
(603) 835-6985

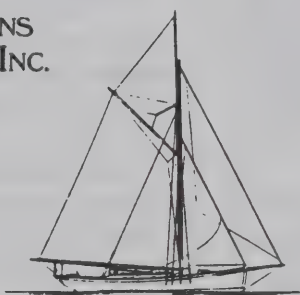
Adirondack Wherry



ADIRONDACK ROWING
306 Lake George Ave.
Ticonderoga, NY 12883
(518) 585-7870

ROBERT STEVENS BOATBUILDERS, INC.

Wooden Boat Building,
Repair and Restoration



Small Point Harbor, HC 32 Box 301, Phippsburg, ME 04582 • (207) 389-1794



Maintenance
Repair

(508) 255-8226

Restoration
Custom Building

P.O. Box 724 • Eastham, MA • 02642

Beetle Cat Restoration & Replication A Specialty

Plans & Kits



SWIFTY 12

A light-weight, sturdy wooden beauty anyone can build from our pre-assembled kit. Price, including sail, \$975. Catalog of 13 kit designs handcrafted in Vermont, \$5. Two-hour demonstration video, \$23.



SHELL BOATS

RD 2, Box 289C • St. Albans, VT 05478
(802) 524-9645

SPOONBILL

15'10" x 5'0" Sailing Scow

Bilge Keels for shallow-water sailing and uncluttered interior - ideal for camping, or unrigged as open outboard launch. Extremely easy construction for homebuilders.



Study Plan \$1 from:

CONRAD NATZIO, The Old School
Brundish Rd., Raveningham,
Norwich NR14 6NT, UK
Phone +44 1508 548675



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip,
Performance, Sea Kayaks

Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats

Send \$2 for a catalog to:

Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
Apt. M, 10 Ash Swamp Rd.
Glastonbury, Ct. 06033
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.guillemot-kayaks.com/>

WESTON FARMER

BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS

BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES

18970 AZURE ROAD, WAYZATA, MN 55391

(612) 473-2360

TOTO

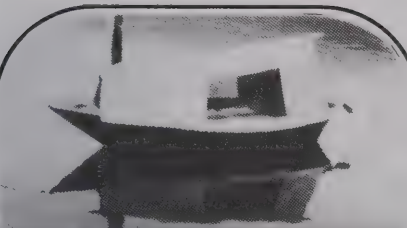


13'x30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS

\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS

JIM MICHALAK

118. E. Randall, Lebanon, IL 62254




Moondance

**a car top, sleep-aboard
cruiser for two... honest!**

The best boat in the world. How's that for modesty! And yet she's *extremely* stable, sleeps two or day sails four comfortably (with lots of gear, a big dog, banjo, etc.), is as fast as anything anywhere near her size, easily car-topped by one person, and about as simple to build as they get. Like I said, the best boat in the world.

11'3" x 5'2" hull 95 lb., sail 75 sq. ft.
Plans and full sized patterns -- \$50
Study plans--\$5

THOMSON SMALLBOATS
Box 670, Vestal, N.Y. 13851



Build A Clancy

Here is a fast, safe sailboat, ideal for sail training, youth programs and designed for the non-boatbuilder.

Order the easy-to-follow instruction book Build a Clancy today for only \$15.00. Order the Builders Package with major components drawn for you.

We ship anywhere.
Write or call for more FREE information.



flounder bay boat lumber

1-800-228-4691 dept. M
1019 3rd Street • Anacortes, WA 98221

YOUR DESTINY IS

KISMET

MULTIHULL DEZINES


**SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE,
COMFORT AND APPEARANCE.**

**EASY TO FOLLOW PLANS FOR
PROFESSIONAL OR FIRST TIME
BUILDERS**

CATAMARANS -- 24 - 47 FEET
TRI-MARANS -- 24 - 43 FEET

KAYAKS - 16 - 18 FEET

BILL KRISTOFFERSON
P.O. BOX 161, GILLIES BAY, B.C.
CANADA V0N 1W0
PHONE /FAX 1-604-486-7434
EMAIL kismet@prcn.org

SWAMP YANKEE BOATS

I specialize in building just one boat with today's technologies. A stitch & glue version of Rusthon's "Wee Lassie" double paddle canoe. LOA 11', Beam 28", Weight 25lbs. Plans available \$15.

Robert W. Sparks
36 Soundview Hts., Branford, CT 06405
(203) 488-5932



CANOE/KAYAK KITS


ROWING/SAILING BOATS

Cove & Bead Cedar Strips • Books • Plans

EPOXIES Info Kit / Study Plans Package \$3⁹⁹

NEWFOUND WOODWORKS inc. (603) 744-6872 fax (603) 744-6892
RFD #2 Box 850 • Bristol, NH 03222
Web Page: <http://www.newfound.com>
E-Mail: sales@newfound.com

We Ship Anywhere



Designs by Platt Monfort

STUDY PLANS BOOK \$5.95
Large Scale Lines Drawings

INSTRUCTIONAL VIDEO \$19.95
70 Minutes Of Latest Techniques

Monfort Associates
50 Haskell Rd MA, Westport, ME 04578
(207) 882-5504


THE SIMMONS

Sea-Skiff



**Classics of the North Carolina coast
from the sounds to the Gulf Stream.**

Outstandingly seaworthy, 30 mph with low power, light, simple (flat laps, straight planks) plywood lapstrake construction. Detailed plans and directions; no lofting.

Information packet - \$1



Sea-Skiff 18 pictured • 17'1" x 5'7" • 5" draft • 20-40 HP • Plans - \$30 US	Sea-Skiff 20 twice the size • 19'4" x 7'6" • 10" draft • 50-70 HP • Plans - \$45 US	Sea-Skiff 22 20% bigger than the 20 • 21'6" x 8'3" • 12" draft • 70-90 HP • cabin versions sketched • Plans - \$45 US
--	---	--

Cape Fear Museum Associates • 814 Market St. • Wilmington, NC 28401 • 910-341-4350

PocketCat

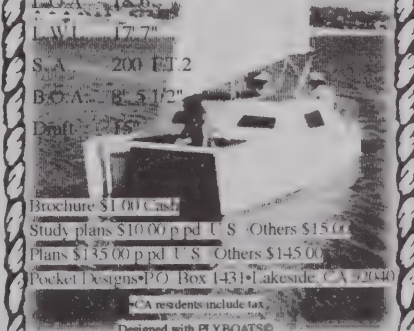
The Trailer Sailors Catamaran.

- Building Booklet With over 20 Photos
- Sheet Ply Construction
- Daysails 4
- Sleeps 2

LOA - 18'6"
LWL - 17'7"
S.A. - 200 FT 2
B.O.A. - 8'5 1/2"
Draft - 1'5"

Brochure \$1.00 Cash
Study plans \$10.00 p pd U.S. - Others \$15.00
Plans \$135.00 p pd U.S. - Others \$145.00
Pocket Designs • P.O. Box 1431 • Lakeside, CA 92040

CA residents include tax.
Designed with FLYBOATS®





BUILT IN GARAGES...

...And in carports and barns and basements and workshops. Our customers build hundreds of kayaks at home every year. Some start with plan sets, others with our easy-to-assemble kits. Most of our customers don't have a lot of tools or wood-working experience. A few hand tools and basic skills are enough.

Some don't have a lot of spare time. They're glad it takes only about 60 hours to build the boat in the photo.

Many of our customers don't have big bank accounts, either. So our kits cost half as much as a plastic kayak.

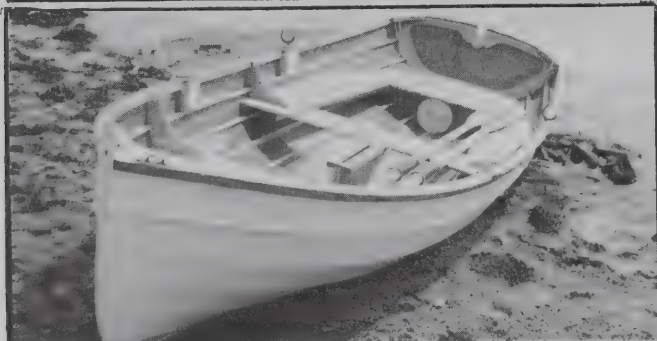
What our customers do have are the lightest, most advanced, easiest to build, and (we think) the prettiest sea kayaks available.

So call for our free catalog of kits, plans, finished boats, materials and accessories. And move that car out of the garage.

Chesapeake Light Craft, Inc.

1805 George Ave. ♦ Annapolis, MD 21401 ♦ (410) 267-0137
kayaks@clcinc.com

10 easy- to-build kayaks by designer Chris Kulczycki



The Penobscot 14

Straightforward construction and exceptionally detailed plans make this supremely beautiful and able boat a suitable project for the average home builder. Choice of sailing rigs. Kits and hulls available.

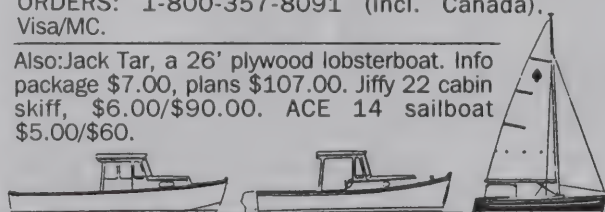
Study Package \$8ppd - Plans \$85 + \$4.50s&h

"Building the Penobscot 14" - The Video. Let a master craftsman show you how it's done. 90 min. of hands-on details - an invaluable guide to boatbuilding basics. \$29.95 + \$1.50s&h.

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN

P.O. Box 119, Morrill, ME 04952. 207-342-4055
ORDERS: 1-800-357-8091 (incl. Canada).
Visa/MC.

Also: Jack Tar, a 26' plywood lobsterboat. Info package \$7.00, plans \$107.00. Jiffy 22 cabin skiff, \$6.00/\$90.00. ACE 14 sailboat \$5.00/\$60.



"The GoldenEye hull is so clean, so light and accelerates so quickly...What a rush! I also really like the way the boat tracks, even in cross winds...It just seems to slip through chop. Thanks again for a great boat!"

- Kit Builder
Michael Bengry
Santa Barbara, CA

Pygmy Boats Inc.



- RUGGED
- ULTRA-LIGHT
- 11 BOAT KITS
- 2 NEW KAYAKS
- PLANS

Join the Pygmy Fan Club

For Info Send \$2 to: PO Box 1529 • Dept. 9 • Port Townsend, WA 98368 • (360) 385-6143

Design and Build Your Own Boat ... By Computer!

- o Create and fair full 3D hull shapes interactively
- o Use state-of-the-art surface modeling techniques
- o Any hull shape allowed - round or chine hull
- o No lines drawing experience required
- o Eliminate lofting by hand
- o Plot lines drawing automatically
- o Plot full-size frame and plate shapes
- o 30+ calculated values - disp, LCB, stability ...
- o Stretch, shrink, or modify existing hull shapes
- o Low cost professional software: **JUST \$395.**
- o **Call, write, or Fax for our free literature**



60 knot commuter

New Wave Systems, Inc.

79 Narragansett Ave., Jamestown, Rhode Island 02835
Tel: (401) 423-1852 Fax: (401) 423-1810



Bobcat 12'3" x 6'0"

Designer Phil Bolger and builder Harold Payson have developed a tack-and-tape multi-chine version of the classic catboat that puts the charm and performance of this famous type within the reach of home builders with a minimum investment in time and money.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ Complete construction plans and instructions for \$40.00 ☐ Study plan packet for Bobcat and 36 other easy-to-build Instant Boats for \$5.00

BOOKS: ☐ Instant Boats, \$16.00 ☐ Build the New Instant Boats, \$19.95
☐ Go Build Your Own Boat, \$20.00 ☐ Build the Instant Catboat, \$12.95
☐ How to Build the Gloucester Light Dory, \$7.95 ☐ Keeping a Cutting Edge: Saw Filing, \$7.95 ☐ Boat Modeling with Dynamite Payson, \$19.95
☐ Bolger's 100 Small Boat Rigs, \$19.95
☐ Boat Modeling the Easy Way, \$19.95 Add \$1.00 S&H.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

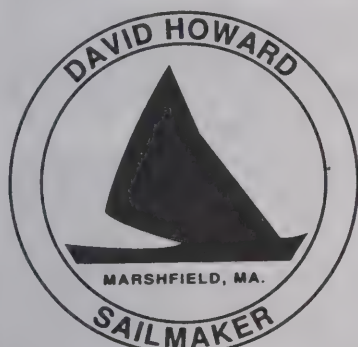
Zip _____

Harold H. Payson & Co.

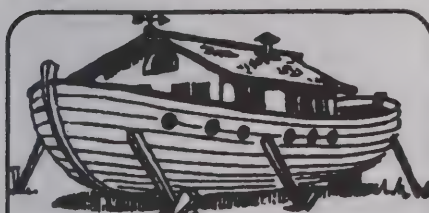
Dept. M/B, Pleasant Beach Road • South Thomaston, ME 04858
207-594-7587

ATTENTION SAILORS!

- * 20 Years in Sailmaking
 - * Sailmaker/Philosopher for the "Backyard" Boatbuilder
 - * Designs & Fabrics for Traditional Boats
 - * Quality Affordable Sails
- Sailmaker for Roger Crawford's Melonseed Skiff**
- As Well As:
- * 22' Atkin Schooner
 - * 1960's Beverly Dinghy
 - * D&M 22
 - * Nordic Folkboat
- Don't Wait 'til Spring;
Call or Write for a Quote Today!



612 Plain St., Marshfield, MA 02050
(781) 834-1382



- ♦ Marine Plywoods
- ♦ Western Red Cedar Canoe Strips
- ♦ Boat Lumber
- ♦ Canoe Gunwales, Seats, etc.
- ♦ Epoxies & Fasteners
- ♦ Boat Building & Repair Supplies
- ♦ Bear Mountain Canoe Plans

noahs

Buffalo & Toronto
Phone (416) 259-7555
Fax (800) 894-1783

Visit Our Web Site At:
<http://www.noahsmarine.com>

Free Catalogue Available!
We ship anywhere!

Supplies

ENVIRONMENTALLY SOUND

SHIP-BOR

WOOD PRESERVATIVE

EFFECTIVE - KILLS ROT!
COLORLESS - ODORLESS

NOW! RECOMMENDED BY
THE MANUFACTURER OF

WEST SYSTEM PRODUCTS

\$ 19.95 per / lb box + \$2.00 S & H

For Info Or To Order Contact

FIVE POINTS INC.
6864 SODUM RD.
LITTLE VALLEY, NY 14755
716-938-6315

Wood Canoe Hardware

CANOE HARDWARE

1/2", 11/16", 7/8" Canoe Tacks; 3/8" Oval Brass Stem Bands; Clenching Irons; 3/16" Bronze Carriage Bolts; Canoe Plans; Clear White Cedar. Price List Available.

NORTHWOODS CANOE SHOP
336 Range Rd.
Atkinson, ME 04426

JAMESTOWN DISTRIBUTORS

♦ FASTENERS ♦

BOATBUILDING AND
WOODWORKING
SUPPLIES

800-423-0030
Fax 800-423-0542
US & CANADA

FREE CATALOG

P.O. BOX 348
JAMESTOWN, RI 02835
LOCAL 401-423-2520
FAX 401-423-0542

1236 TRASK PKWY
SEABROOK, SC 29940
LOCAL 803-846-9500
FAX 803-846-9005

Boatbuilding Supplies

STRIP • STITCH & GLUE • PLYWOOD & FIBERGLASS CONSTRUCTION

SYSTEMTHREE EPOXY RESIN

Simple 2:1 mix ratio • Available in 1.5 qt-15 gal. units
Fast, med, slow hardeners for use in temperatures as low as 35°F

3 Gal. Unit \$138.00 (postage paid in cont U.S.)

FIBERGLASS CLOTH • TAPES • MATS • ROVINGS • KNITS

- ♦ **ROCHOLD** Polyester Resins (gals, pails, drums)
- ♦ **NESTE** GelCoats
- ♦ **Sikaflex** Urethane Sealants
- ♦ **Gloucester** Marine Paints (40-50% discount)
- ♦ 2 part Urethane Pour Foam

Microballoons • Silica Powder • Wood Flour • Pigments
Milled & Chop Fibers • Squeegees • Syringes • Brushes
Rollers • Paper Pots • Gloves • Coveralls • And More

LOW PRICES ON: Silicon Bronze Wood Screws
Nails & Stainless Fasteners

Top Quality Products • Competitive Prices • Fast Knowledgeable Service
All items in stock and ready for immediate shipment.

MERTON'S FIBERGLASS SUPPLY

SUPPLYING QUALITY MATERIALS TO BOAT OWNERS,
HULL FINISHERS AND BOATYARDS FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

P.O. Box 399 • E. Longmeadow, MA 01028
Fax: 413-736-3182

Free Catalog! **800-333-0314**

ORR'S ISLAND BOAT WORKS

Authorized Dealer
9-170hp Diesels
Full Parts Inventory
Expert Technical Assistance

RFD 1, Box 731, Rt. 24 (800) 339-6777
Orr's Island ME 04066 (207) 833-5852
E-mail: oibw@biddeford.com

CUT COPPER CLENCH NAILS

We have the old Atlas Co. machines. Pure half hard hand drawn copper. Just the thing for lapstrake canoes, skiffs, dories. 3 diameters: 1/16", 3/32", 1/8" 11 sizes: 3/4" to 1-3/8".

Send \$3 for Sample Packet & Info.
STRAWBERRY BANKE, INC.
P.O.B. 300MB, Portsmouth, NH 03802

MEADE A. BREESE SAILMAKER

Traditional Hand Finished Sails
Sail Repair ★ Canvas Work
Wire and Rope Splicing

(410) 639-2646
P.O. Box 546 Rock Hall, MD 21661

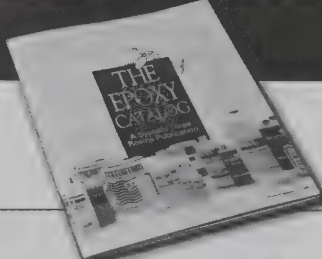
telephone (413) 783-5589
20 TREETOP AVENUE
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS 01108

SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
DROP AUDDERS • CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

GAMBELL HUNTER SAILMAKERS

Cotton and Dacron Sails
STANDING AND RUNNING RIGGING
(207) 236-3561
16 Limerock Street, Camden,
Maine 04843



We wrote the book on epoxy.

Right now, when you order our \$10 Trial Kit from System Three, you'll also receive THE EPOXY BOOK free.

It's so packed with information on how to get your project done, you won't be able to put it down. Like which products to use where. How-to tips you won't find anywhere else.

So for only ten bucks you'll get THE EPOXY BOOK, plus 12 ounces of resin and hardener, fiberglass cloth, brushes, measuring cups, fillers, a roller cover, squeegee and gloves. It's a big box of stuff that will give you a hands-on understanding of how epoxy works.

Send us the coupon below or call our order desk at 1-800-333-5514 and use your credit card. Call now and your kit and book will be on their way to you today.



SYSTEMTHREE

See us on the web at:
<http://www.systemthree.com>



My \$10 is enclosed. Please rush me the Trial Kit, and my very own copy of the **Epoxy Book**.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____ Telephone: _____

System Three Resins • P.O. Box 70436 • Seattle, WA 98107 • (206) 782-7976

• Specializing in aerodynamic designs for small craft -

- Gaff, gunter, lug, lateen, leg-o-mutton, sprit, square, etc.
- Tanbark, white, or Egyptian Dacron

DABBLER SAILS

Stuart K. Hopkins
P.O. Box 235
Wicomico Ch., VA 22579
(804) 580-8723

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Flitches 4/4, 5/4, 6/4 thick to 16' long. Some other sizes and grades available. Limited quantity, all rough sawn. Call or write for info.
J.D. ENGLAND CO.
HCR Box 337, Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

MATSUSHITA

CARBIDE-TIPPED BLADES

Smoothest cuts. Thinnest kerf. Least power. Best buy: 7-1/4" comb., 1/16" kerf, \$26ppd. "Cuts better than baldes costing three times as much." Mac McCarthy (Feather Canoes). "One blade that stands out above all others." Construction in ID.

DAVE CARNELL
322 Pages Creek Dr.
Wilmington, NC 28405 - (910) 686-4184

OKOUME • SAPELE • TEAK

MARINE PLYWOOD

Hardwood Plywood
Hardwood Lumber

1 (800) 899-1664

We Ship Anywhere!

MAINE COAST LUMBER
35 Birch Hill Road
York, ME 03909

TEAK & HOLLY • LAUAN

SIPO • KHAYA • FIR

Classified Marketplace

BOATS FOR SALE

Too Many Canoes: 16'9" Blackhawk, "Waters Meet", ivory FG w/white ash & black walnut. \$1,200. **14'2" Blackhawk**, "Zephyr", green turquoise kevlar layup, white ash, black walnut. \$1,200. **11'8" Blackhawk**, "Shadow", green turquoise FG, white ash. \$800. **20' Old Town**, Guide, '34, w/canvas, spruce gunwales. \$500. TOM HELD, Racine, WI, (414) 634-1272. (TF)

17' Wood Thistle, c.'52. Beautiful boat & trlr, refurbished & sailed in '97. 2 sets sails, aluminum mast, spruce boom, mast-up cover. Mahogany brightwork, mahogany hull painted green topsides, red bottom. A classic (I needed a boat w/cabin). \$2,250. STEVE WISEMAN, Boyne City, MI, (616) 582-0406. (17)

Beetle Cat, sailed last summer, fair/gd cond, w/trlr gd for local travel. \$1,500 OBO. JOHN WHEBLE, Kingston, MA, (781) 585-6962. (17)

17' Old Town OCTA Canoe, AA grade w/sailing equipment. Blt '25, orig cond. \$1,200 OBO. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (516) 757-3087 eves & wknds. (21)



14' FG Sloop, 6' beam, '95 5hp long shaft Nissan OB w/fwd & rev & separate gas tank. Wood mast, boom & CB. Tlr. Gd stable daysailer. \$2,000. RICHARD NICOLL, Guilford, CT, (203) 453-4230. (17)

Beetle Cat, blt '64, properly restored '97. Refastened, reframed, some new deck structure, all cosmetics. New coaming, rails, canvas. Lightly used sail. Winter storage & spring delivery (150mi 1 way). Asking \$3,500, taking offers. You won't be disappointed. New **11'6" Wee Lassie**, strip planked, half decked. From Mac McCarthy patterns. Varnished deck, mahogany & cherry trim. Asking \$1,750, taking offers. Both blt by long standing professional. STEPHEN SMITH, Eastham, MA, (508) 255-8226. (17)

18' Drascombe Driver, English blt FG day sailing yawl w/oiled teak trim. Powered by 4hp IB w/feathering prop. Shallow draft 1'5", sits upright on tidal flats w/ twin bilge keels. Perfect family boat, stiff & stable 6'1" beam w/full flotation. Fully equipped, black hull, tanbark sails, roller furling jib, oars, life jackets, on solid trlr. Weighs 730lbs, trailers easily. Exc cond. Asking \$4,300. STEVE BROOKE, Farmingdale, ME, (207) 724-3576, email: sbrooke45@aol.com (17)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to use of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.

19' Cape Dory Typhoon, weekender model (with cabin). This was Tom's boat in his later tales we published. I bought it from him when he upsized to a liveaboard, thinking I'd rehab it and go sailing. Now I see this isn't going to happen. It's all there as it was when Tom sailed in it, with no major problems, but needs dozens of small to middling fixings up that Tom never bothered with. It's on a tandem aluminum trailer. \$2,000 firm. Plan on a lot of backyard detailing, but not much \$\$ expense. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906. (TF)

'93 American 14.6, Carolina edition, lk new. Sails used twice, motor mount, hatch door, boat cover, sail bag, galv trlr w/spare wheel & tire. \$2,700. ROBERT SCHOLZ, 14686 NE 22nd Pl. #74, Silver Springs, FL 34488, (352) 625-4304. (19)

Little Wing, 19' ply/epoxy cat yawl, similar to Bolger's Long Micro. Launched '97. Incl 5hp British Seagull & trlr. Must sell. Wife made me get bigger boat.. \$4,000. JOHN CHURCHILL, 621 River Strand, Chesapeake, VA 23320, (757) 625-4878 work, (757) 547-7714 home. (17)

18' Rowing Shell, Small Craft Warning model, w/9'7" wood Piantadosi spoon blade sculls. FG red & white hull, detachable SSW outriggers. Can also be used as sit-on-top kayak. Gd cond. \$950, great buy. PHIL MOORE, Sarasota, FL, (941) 966-1200. (17)

28' Bristol Channel Cutter, hull, deck & ballast by Sam Morse. Engine, spars, sails & much hrdwre. \$38,000. PAUL MEYER, RR1 Box 420, Addison, ME 04606, (207) 483-4073. (17)

Turnabout, FG model, nds some touch up. As traded. \$600. FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (17)

17' Bristol Corsair, '67. 3'6" draft, seaworthy but nds cosmetics. \$3,500 OBO. RICHARD ZAHN, 320 Edsam Ave., Pitman, NJ 08071. (18)

15' Mutineer Day Sailer, main, roller furling jib, galv trlr. \$800 OBO. JOHN L. NORTHRUP, Winter Haven, FL, (941) 293-2590 aft 7pm. (18)

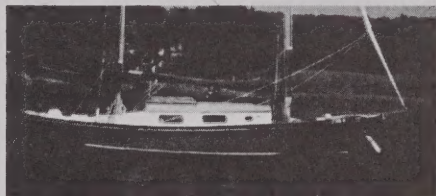
O'Day Daysailer II, compl except for rudder. Minor hull damage, exc winter project. \$500. JON HEDMAN, Stoughton, MA, (781) 344-8713. (18)

16' Custom FG Deep-V Center Console OB Skiff, 60hp Mercury compl overhauled like new. New custom drive-on trlr. Nds bow seating area finished & deck & interior painted. Over \$5,000 invested. Easy winter project, priced as is at \$3,800. Finished out in spring \$5,500. Will trade as is for Compac 16 on trlr. ART EICKENBERG, PO Box 384, Lovejoy, GA 30250-0384, (404) 305-5569 work or voice mail. (18)

17' Folbot Big Glider Kayak, w/factory sail rig, leeboards, rudder, 2 dbl paddles. Gd cond. \$150. JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, fax (716) 284-7645. (18)

Kayak 2 Seater, Sea Twin Expo w/rudder. 2 person touring kayak w/lg rear hatch. 18', red, like new. \$1,285. F.J. ALBERT, Marco Island, FL, (941) 642-2357. (18)

'73 Herreshoff America, classic catboat. Fully found & professionally maintained 18' white FG cruiser ideal for family daysails or overnight sorties. Incl 8hp OB, porta-potti, Ritchie compass, anchor, Shoreline trlr, white mainsail & cover, other extras. Blt by Nowak & Williams, lightly & carefully used. Nds gd cleaning & she's ready to go. \$6,500. FRAN NICHOLS, P.O. Box 1516, Duxbury, MA 02331-1516, (781) 934-2418. (18)



27' LOD Gulfweed Ketch, designed by John Hanna '23. Blt '48-'50, LOA incl 4' bow sprit 31'x9' beam x 4' draft, full keel, Atomic 4, slps 3-4. Cedar on white oak, new plywood/FG deck overlay. Entire boat in vy gd cond. \$6,500 OBO. NED COSTELLO, Middle Haddam, CT, (860) 267-6847 eves, (203) 946-7106 days. (18)

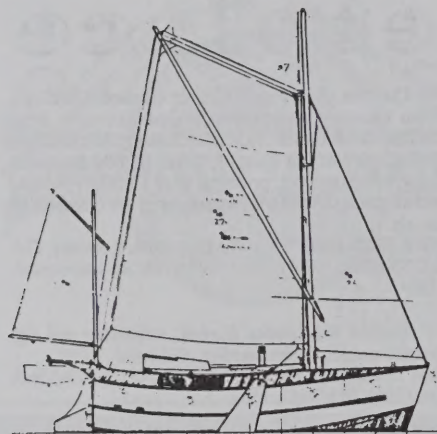
BOATS WANTED

Trailerable Pocket Cruiser, a canoe yawl would be ideal, to keep in a garage and trailer to locations for daysailing or cruising excursions on Puget Sound & further north. Willing to travel but hoping for find in Pacific northwest. PETER KEYES, 301 SW Lincoln St. Apt. 1315, Portland, OR 97201-5033, (503) 796-9376, email: pkeyes@darkwing.uoregon.edu (18)

18'-22' Catboat, sans standing rigging, sails, motor, trlr (I don't even nd rudder or CB). BURT VAN DEUSEN, JR., East Hampton, NY, (516) 324-3145. (18)

Traditional Style IB Launch, 19'-25' for Victorian style picnic cruises on "Golden Pond". Will consider electric or internal combustion, new or used. STEVE BROOKE, Farmingdale, ME, (207) 724-3576, email: sbrooke45@aol.com (17)

Dovekie, Hull #135 or later model. Will consider earlier model. BOB WILLIAMS, Powhatan, VA, (804) 598-6286, lv message. (17)



Sailing Barge Harry, 26'x 11'x 1'3", displ 10.715 tons, sail area 511sf. Who knows whereabouts of owner, designer or builder? HERMAN DE BOER, 108 Front St., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 296-0846. (18)

Traditional 23'28" Shoal Draft Cutter Rigged Liveaboard. JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, fax (716) 284-7645. (18)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Complete Suit Sails From 24' Bristol, #1, #2 & #3 jibs, main w/2 reefs, cruising spinnaker. I went tanbark. JIM TOMKINS, Grand Island, NY, (716) 773-5268, fax (716) 284-7645. (18)

SALES & RIGGING WANTED

DN Iceboat Mast & Boom. ROY TERWILLIGER, 105 Church St., Harwich, MA 02645, (508) 432-0549. (17)

Aluminum Mast/Boom, broken or damaged, no longer useable for sailing rig. I need this type of extrusion for another project. Approx 3"x 2" oval section desired. BOB HICKS, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984, (978) 774-0906. (18)

GEAR FOR SALE

There is nothing— absolutely nothing—
half so much worth doing



as simply messing about in boats.

T-SHIRTS featuring illustration & quotation from *The Wind in the Willows*. Heavyweight 100% cotton, natural color. Short sleeve \$15.50. Long sleeve \$21.00. 50/50 gray sweatshirt \$25.50. M,L,XL. Shipping \$3.50. DESIGN WORKS, Dept MC, Box 880, Silver Spring, MD 20918. (TFP)

Spotlight, 8" diameter, chrome plated, 12v. For cabin top or thru deck. Stands 15" above deck w/ control knob below. Mfg by Portable Light Co., Kearny, NJ. New, never used. \$300. STEVEN ROSSI, Cortland Manor, NY, (914) 736-5354. (18)

Neptune Twin OB, old. \$25. PHIL MOORE, Sarasota, FL, (941) 966-1200. (17)

Sears Gamefisher 3hp OB, vly little use. \$475. ROBERT SCHOLZ, 14686 NE 22nd Pl #74, Silver Springs, FL 34488, (352) 625-4304. (19)

Loran, (yep, Loran). Micrologic Adventurer handheld Loran, '92. High quality navigation instrument w/many accessories: Battery charger/tilt stand, 8' antenna w/coupler & rail mount, 9v nicad rechargeable battery, ac adaptor, power & antenna cables for fixed mount use. All it neds is a boat & cruising destination. \$50. TOM HALSTEAD, 5 Ocean St., Manchester, MA 01944, (978) 526-4548. (18)

8hp Chrysler OB, \$275. BOB O'NEILL, Bricktown, N J, (732) 477-1107. (18)

Gray Marine 4hp OB, air cooled. FREE! **Keepers Anchor**, w/chain, suitable for 20' boat. FREE! BILL NEWCOMB, 1029 Meadows End Dr., Calabasas, CA 91302, (818) 222-4316. (18)



New Workboat Canvas Products! Multi-Use Workboat Bucket, heavy canvas, top & bottom handles for bailing, 13"x 11". \$18. Workboat Rigger's Bag, 30 pockets, triple bottom, U.S. made, 14"x 11". \$36. Workboat Dory Bag, dble bottom, heavy canvas, made in Maine, 16"x 17". \$44. S&H only \$4.75 when you mention *Messing About in Boats*. Order toll free 1.800.985.4421, fax 207.985.7633 or email watermrk@ime.net. Full color catalog \$2 free w/your order. WATERMARK, Suite 402, Lafayette Ctr., Kennebunk, ME 04043. (TFP)

Star-Finder, 2102-D Weems & Plath (list price \$30) in fine cond. A grt easy to use aid for celestial navigation & amateur astronomy. \$12 incl postage. J.W. SIMS, RR1 5095D, Camden, ME 04843, (207) 236-0652 aft 5pm. (18)

GEAR WANTED

1 Cylinder Engine, used Yanmar, Farymann/other small diesel for installation in daysailer. Must be in gd running cond. JOHN MC CARTHY, Box 436, Cohasset, MA 02025, (781) 383-0720, fax (781) 383-9572. (17)

Thistle Mast, wood or, otherwise. Will pick up in northeast. BRUCE KENNEY, Nyack, NY, (914) 353-2958, email: 103075,2141@compuserv.com (18)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Outboard Skippers, improve your skills & discover the tremendous possibilities of boats under 20' in length. *The Outboard Boater's Handbook* covers all aspects of these amazing boats. Edited by Dave Getchell, Sr., founding editor of the *Small Boat Journal*. Send \$21.50 incl S&H. D.R. GETCHELL, SR., 56 Pease Town Rd., Appleton, ME 04862-6455. (TF)

Chart Your Course, through New England's maritime heritage. Send for your FREE copy of Cubberley & Shaw's *Maritime Museum News*. CUBBERLEY & SHAW, Box 607AB, Groton, MA 01450-0607. (20P)

Canoeing Journals of James S. Cawley, 1915-1919. Available in paperback. Daily writings of canoeing & camping on various adventure cruises. Written by co-author (with wife) of *Exploring the Little Rivers of New Jersey*, these journals were re-discovered & are now published for the 1st time. \$10 postpaid. NANCY C. JEROME, 160 Godfrey Rd., E. Thetford, VT 05043. (TF)

Used, Rare, Out of Print Nautical Books, send for free list. Search service. JUST BOOKS, RR2 Box 214, Mt. Vernon, MO 65712, (417) 466-4282. (18P)

The Wee Lassie, a quarterly newsletter devoted to the open double paddle canoe. 8 yrs of publication. \$5 for 1 yr trial subscription. MAC MC CARTHY, 1705 Andrea Pl., Sarasota, FL 34235. (TF)



A \$400 Touring kayak For \$85? Yes! Just spend an easy 10 hours & you'll have Li'l Beauty, a nationally advertised 39lb 2-person, perfect for camping, fishing or just exploring. Send \$2 for exciting photo-info brochures or \$16 for the compl bldg manual. HOBBYCRAFTS, Box 158-E, Vilas, NC 28692. (TFP)

Out Your Backdoor #8, is finally out with the boatiest bunch of boating (many from MAIB), biking, skiing, exercising, fishing, tree planting, poetic, & other unbestseller tales. 64 stunning pages, legible layouts. "I just discovered OYB. Where have I been?" Living in a cave? \$8 for 4 issue sub. OYB, 4686 Meridian Rd. Williamston, MI 48895. (TF)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid. NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

Voyages of the Damn Foole, Tom McGrath's first "officially" published book will be on sale in book stores and gift shops that carry International Marine/Ragged Mountain Press books, by St. Patrick's Day, "if the luck of the Irish is with us", reports Tom's #1 fan and landlubbing daughter Erin. Inquiries for ordering of *Voyages of the Damn Foole* should be addressed to the following: MC GRAW HILL, Inc., Customer Service Dept., P.O. Box 547, Blacklick, OH 43004. Retail customers may call 1-800-262-4729; bookstores may call 1-800-233-4726. (TF)

BOAT PLANS - PATTERNS - KITS - Unsurpassed selection - 7' to 55' - A variety of rowing boats - Sea kayaks - Dories - Dinghies - Daysailers - Motorsailers - Powerboats - Fishingboats - MORE. **176-page DESIGN BOOK** - \$5.00 (Sent Airmail) - Includes FREE "Supplies Catalog". Epoxy Manual \$2.00. "How to Fiberglass" Video \$32.95. GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA8, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630 6258, fax 562/630 6280, www.glen-l.com. (TF)

Westerly Breezes, a different messabout for foggy days! Read the humor, joys of building, sailing. 20 pages of entertaining, relaxing verse, doldrum antidote or neat gift. \$4 postpaid. W.F. SARGENT, 636 N. River Rd., Auburn, ME 04210-9472. (TF)



Dory Plans, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

"Sleeper", 7'10" car topable sailing cruiser. Slips 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

BBA Chart Kit, New York to Nantucket & to Cape May, NJ. Region 3 '94. Gd cond. \$35 incl postage (list price is \$110).

J.W. SIMS, RR1 5095D, Camden, ME 04843, (207) 236-0652 aft 5pm. (18)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)

Wooden Boat, #66-#100. \$3. #101-#133. \$2. Plus p&h.

HOLT VIBBER, Waterford, CT, (860) 442-7376. (17)

Tom McGrath's Short Tales, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's bygone series of adventures with his Townie and the *Damn Foole* in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. **ERIN RUOCCO**, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Old Town Canoe Catalogs.

LEROY SAYERS, P.O. Box 386, Smyrna, DE 19977, (302) 653-9487 or (302) 653-2628. (19P)

Proa Plans, from October 1962 issue of *Popular Boating*.

A BENNETT WILSON, JR., P.O. Box 380, Topping, VA 23169, (804) 758-0850. (17)

Small Boat Journal Collection, must be reasonable.

KEN PAGANS, Corpus Christi, TX, (512) 949-9386. (17)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS FOR SALE

Seeking Master's Position, former captain of 4 yrs service on 122 ton square rigged 17th century replica of Henry Hudson's *Halve Maen* (*Half Moon*) seeks position as Master, full or part time on power or sail on the eastern seaboard. Over 50,000 miles of trouble-free experience during the last 10 yrs on the Atlantic Ocean, Bahamas, St. Lawrence Seaway, Nova Scotia & Great Lakes. Will consider position as Mate or assistant to Mate on any vessel over 100 tons.

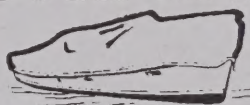
BILL KIRK, Captain's Delivery Service, 19 Argyle Pl., N. Arlington, NJ 07031, (201) 991-6894, fax (201) 460-0011. (TF)

Picture of Your Boat Cheap, aspiring, unrecognized, unappreciated and undiscovered marine artist looking for work. Oil or acrylic on stretched canvas. If you don't like the picture you don't pay. No money down, no risk. Tentative prices: 9x12 - \$50, 18x24 - \$100, 24x36 - \$200. Delivery in 30 days. Call to discuss what you would like. **SAM CHAPIN**, 3A 12th Ave., Key West, FL 33040, (305) 294-3168. (18P)

MARINE RELATED ITEMS WANTED

Boat Hauling, 19' boat on tlr ready for transporting in Feb from Seattle WA to CT. Will pay interested person for towing. Other suggestions for transporting boat west to east greatly appreciated. **VI BEAUDREAU**, 7 Peppercorn Ln., E. Granby, CT 06026, (860) 658-0869 home, (860) 547-6303 work, email: vbeaudreau@thehartford.com (18)

TOUGH TARPS



Forget those cheap "blue" tarps that rip and rot! Our premium tarps are made of rugged truck-tarp fabric (18 oz. vinyl-coated polyester) that lasts for years. Custom made to your size.

Affordable quality!

800 789-8143



KLEPPER

FOLDING KAYAKS GALORE

"For The Few Who Expect More"

We Specialize in Folding Kayaks Exclusively

**KLEPPER • FEATHERCRAFT
FOLBOT • NAUTIRAID • POUCH**

All in stock • We ship • Why wait?

Best Selection • Best Price

Save when you buy from Klepper West

Tel (530) 626-8647

Klepper West

Western Folding Kayak Center

6155 Mt. Aukum Rd.

Somerset, CA 95684-0130

→ We buy used Klepper folding kayaks ←

TUGBOATS &

TOWBOATS

A 1998 Calendar

**13 - 8x10 QUALITY
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS**

\$10.95

(includes postage and handling)

Washington residents add 88c sales tax

Canadian orders add 50c - U.S. funds

Foreign orders add \$2.00 - U.S. funds

Mailed First Class



HARBOR IMAGES

P.O. Box 1176 Richland, WA 99352

ATLANTIC COASTAL KAYAKER

Now in Our 6th Year!

**Would you like to
read more, lots
more, about sea
kayaking?**

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker will bring you 40 pages monthly all about sea kayaking, 10 times a year (March through December).

Accounts of Paddling
Adventures

Expedition Reports

Paddling & Rescue Techniques

Wildlife Appreciation

Kayaking People

Equipment Evaluation

Reflection & Insights

Access to the Sea

Kayaks You Build

History & Culture

Events Reports

Places to Paddle

**All this for only \$20
(10 issues)!**

**Like to see a sample
issue? Just ask.**

Subscription Order Form

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State: _____ ZIP: _____

Send Check for \$20 Payable to:

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker

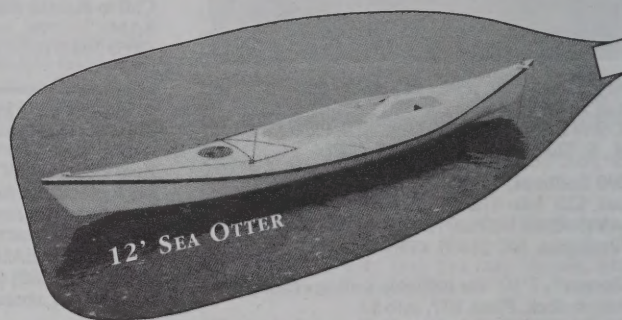
P.O. Box 520, Ipswich, MA 01938

(508) 356-6112 (Phone & Fax)

HERITAGE KAYAKS

PADDLE IN CONFIDENCE

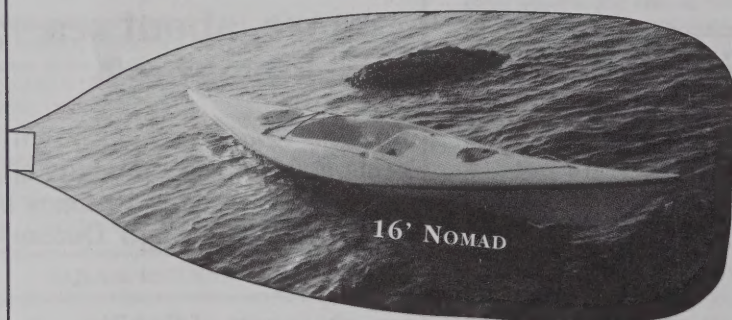
All Heritage Kayaks feature open cockpits that are both comfortable and self-bailing. Beginners don't need to fear upside down wet-exits, while more advanced paddlers are able to eskimo roll all three models. And nobody who paddles a Heritage Kayak has to fuss with a spray skirt.



PADDLE IN QUALITY

All Heritage Kayaks are built in a high strength, lightweight laminate. All have:

- Adjustable Yakima footbraces
 - Shock cord storage web
 - Removable thigh straps
- Watertight bulkheads
 - 2 Laminate options
- Spectra deck lines
 - Carrying toggles
 - 6 Color choices
 - Dry storage

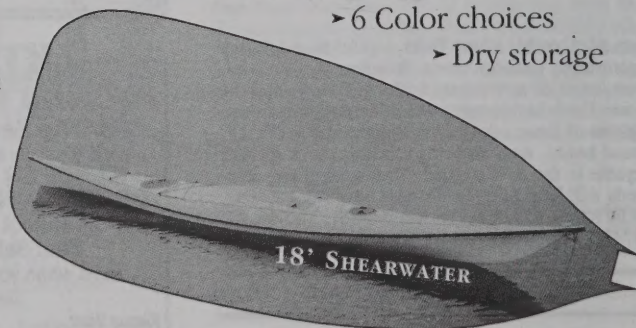


PADDLE IN HERITAGE

Heritage Kayaks is a division of Heritage BoatWorks, Inc., specializing in the contemporary expression of traditional designs. Naval Architect Paul Cronin uses America's Cup design experience and state of the art 3D modeling software to perfect each patented kayak design.

CALL FOR BROCHURE 24 HOURS, 7 DAYS

800-430-0998



HERITAGE KAYAKS

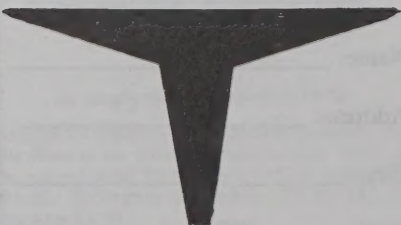
PHONE (781) 237-1114
FAX (781) 235-1348

40 GROVE STREET, SUITE 320
WELLESLEY, MASSACHUSETTS 02181

EMAIL
HHOTKYKS@AOL.COM

POSTMASTER: ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED XV-17

**BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
PLATTSBURGH, NY 12901
PERMIT #148**



messing
about in
BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984-1943

AUTO***5-DIGIT 01970
S1 P7

PHILLIPS LIBRARY
PEABODY ESSEX MUSEUM
161 E INDIA SQUARE MALL
SALEM MA 01970-3723

